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THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

VARIOUS circumstances have worked together to bring the Armenian Question just now into special and peculiar prominence. There is the wretched picture—almost daily reproduced—of outrages committed in Turkish Armenia. There are the multifarious efforts of the Porte to force down and keep under the Armenian agitation; efforts chiefly represented by the appointment of a delegate to gag the Armenian residents in Europe; and by the Porte's practical repudiation of its treaty obligations. There are, again, the unsuccessful representations of the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which have had for their object the suppression of the Armenian journal, the *Haïasdan*.

That there is what may be called an Armenian Question, no statesman, I think, can deny.

It is now ten years since the Armenians, occupying the provinces of Erzeroum, Van, and Diarbekir, in the east of Asia Minor, between the Black Sea, Caspian Sea, and the Persian Gulf, were granted a local and administrative autonomy in virtue of a distinct clause, inscribed in the Berlin Treaty, which runs as follows:—

"The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds.

"It will make known periodically to the Powers who will superintend their application the measures that may be adopted for the fulfilment of this object."

This clause places the civil and religious liberties of the Armenians under the express guarantee of international law, and under the supervision and control of the Powers parties to the treaty.

The article runs thus :—

"The Sublime Porte having expressed its intention of maintaining the principle of religious liberty, and giving it the widest scope, the contracting parties take note of this spontaneous declaration. In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall difference of religion be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion from or incapacity for the discharge of civil and political rights, and admission to public functions. All persons shall be admitted without distinction to give evidence before the tribunals. The freedom and exercise of all forms of worship are assured to all."

In spite of the distinct stipulations of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty, framed with a view to improve the administration of Turkish Armenia ; in spite also of the solemn declarations of the Ottoman Plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress on the subjects of liberty of conscience and equality before the law, the evils of which the Armenians so bitterly complained prior to 1878 (evils which led to the insertion of a clause in their favour in the great treaty) exist, and are more intolerable to-day than they have ever been before.

Nothing, it seems, can bring Turkey to a sense of her duty. The teachings of the past, the loss of extensive territories, the transformation into autonomous states of Bulgaria and other provinces, have had no salutary effect on the Sultan's Government, which is pursuing in Armenia the policy that led to its territorial dismemberment. Will the horrors, whose details the newspapers are publishing from day to day, arouse the statesmen of Turkey, and so bring nearer to the hapless and helpless Armenians those reforms so long promised and so long deferred? Alas! we do not think it ; we dare not hope it. Turkish rulers and Turkish

statesmen are not to be reasoned with, not to be pleaded with. There is one argument which they understand, and one only—the pressure from without of a force superior to their own.

But who are the Armenians? Briefly, they are one of the oldest nations of the world. Far back in the days when history was young we find them contemporaneous with the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Hebrews, and the Greeks. The Armenians are of the great Aryan race. They were the first to embrace Christianity; they fought against Islam in the Crusades, hand in hand with their brethren of the West, for the cause and triumph of Christian civilisation. The Armenians of to-day are an industrious and virtuous people; intelligently and energetically commercial. They have given statesmen and men of action to many a famous nation; and some 30,000 of them—standing as the sole representatives of Armenian independence in Cilicia—maintained, until twenty years ago, a continuous warfare against their Turkish rulers, and kept a practical control over their own destinies. Foreigners style them Armenians, after Aram, King of Armenia, and seventh of the dynasty of Haig; but they call themselves after their first King Hark, the great grandson of Japhet. They possess a rich and varied literature of their own, in which history, philosophy, and poetry are represented.

In the remotest time of which history has preserved any record, the Armenians occupied a vast territory in Asia Minor, at the foot of the Biblical range of Ararat; extending from the Euxine on the one side, and from the Caspian on the other. Although the nucleus of the Armenian element is to be found in the three provinces referred to, the limits of the country under direct Armenian sway have often varied. Thus, in the early part of their history, flying before the invader, the Armenians took shelter in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Taurus, whence they descended to the coast of the Mediterranean and transformed Cilicia into an Armenian kingdom under the Rupenian dynasty, whose last king, Leo VI., after an heroic struggle

against Egyptian invaders, was captured in the year 1375. From this period dates the extinction of the Armenians as an independent nation. To-day Armenia is divided between Russia, Persia, and Turkey.

The reforms under Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty apply to Turkish Armenia; that is to say, to the provinces of Erzeroum, Van, and Diarbekir, and the districts of Argana and Seghert; where the Armenians,* numbering about two millions, form two-thirds of the population, the remaining third consisting of Mahomedans, Nestorians, &c. The grievances complained of when the Berlin Treaty was passed, and which are, unhappily, as real to-day as they have ever been, may be summarised as follows:—

I. The absence of political and civil equality.

II. The non-admission of Armenian evidence in the Turkish courts of justice (in cases where the Armenian is the wronged party and the Moslem the delinquent).

III. The systematic pillage and destruction of Armenian villages; the sacking of convents; the perpetration of all kinds of crimes and oppressive acts by Circassians, and particularly by the Kurds—not unfrequently also by the police and by Turkish officials.

IV. The venality of justice.

V. The systematic efforts to crush and ruin the peasant classes, (i.) by heavy taxes, and (ii.) by forcing them to abandon their holdings.

Notwithstanding the "spontaneous" declaration made by the representatives of Turkey at Berlin, in 1878, the Armenians are rigidly kept out of public offices in Armenia where the *personnel* of the administration is chiefly Turkish; the courts are presided over by corrupt Moslem judges who enforce the Moslem religious law in a country that is eminently Christian. The police are recruited from the Turks and the Kurds, although the

* The Armenians number in all about 6,000,000; of whom 3,500,000 are in Turkey; 1,800,000 in Russia; 225,000 in Persia; the remainder being scattered in India, Austria, Bulgaria, America, &c. (*L'Arménie*, by J. Broussali, *Revue Française*. June, 1886

latter, as a nomadic race, form no part of the settled population of Armenia.

But it is in cases where the Christian is molested by his Moslem neighbour that the inequality is mostly felt. Christian evidence is rejected by the tribunals; and as no Turk will come forward to give evidence against a co-religionist, the Armenians are constantly exposed to molestation of one kind and another, without hope of obtaining even the shadow of redress. The Moslem judges not only countenance but support the worst form of slavery that exists, and is rampant in Armenia —treaties and Hatts notwithstanding. The polygamous Turkish Beys and Agas, whose hitherto regular supply of Circassian girls from the Caucasus has been cut off from them since the annexation of the province by Russia, have recourse now to a bold system of rape. They swoop down upon an Armenian village, with their armed acolytes, and carry off to their harems, by main force, as many good-looking girls and women as they can lay hands on. This is permitted to them; and the *modus operandi* by which the abduction of Armenian girls is rendered legal by the Moslem judges may be summed up as follows. When the relatives present themselves in court to claim the abducted victim, the ravishers are ready with a brace of Moslem witnesses (a hundred could be produced if wanted), who declare on oath that the kidnapped woman pronounced in their presence the regular formula of the Moslem faith: "There is no God but God, and Mahomed is His Prophet."

The judge thereupon dismisses the case, on the ground that the stolen and ravished girl has by that profession abjured her former faith and embraced Mahomedanism. And the verdict of these upright judges is not to be set aside. The victims protest; but their protestations avail them nothing. They invoke in vain the positive prescriptions of the Imperial Hatts, and the distinct stipulations of solemn treaties, promising liberty of conscience and equality before the law. The Turkish Solon is not to be moved. His invariable reply is that the Koran—source

of all human and Divine legislation—is the supreme law of the land, and it would be blasphemy to admit or suppose that any subsequent enactments could in any way have modified its sacred teachings.

Hundreds of Armenian girls are thus lost to their homes and imprisoned in Turkish harems; they are never set free, and if one ever succeeds in escaping, the chances are ten to one that sooner or later she will be murdered. But, in truth, this is not to be wondered at. The Koran is the code in force, and apostacy from the precepts of the Koran is punished with death. No Moslem judge would dare to condemn a co-religionist for thus obeying the teachings of the Prophet.

Article 61 has done us more harm than good. It has raised hopes not yet realised, and the Turks are using every effort and straining every nerve to stamp those hopes out, either by exiling as many Armenians as they can from the soil of their ancestors, or by fostering and encouraging Kurdish depredations, or Circassian inroads, or by harassing religion and the schools. The cases of outrage and misdeeds in Armenia that we are hearing of now are but sequels to many similar ones of earlier date.

In May, 1888, Armenians at Van were tortured and imprisoned for refusing to sign a document professing their satisfaction with their rulers. In the same month, the Armenians of Mouch forwarded a numerously-signed memorial complaining of oppression at the hands of a well-known Kurdish chieftain in the province. In the same month, Karekin Pagheshtsian died at the age of twenty-two in the central prison of Van. He had been imprisoned, put in irons, and starved to death, without the formality of a trial. There are others, imprisoned as he was, on mere suspicion, who are still awaiting trial within the dark and sodden cells of the Turkish prisons. The very palace of the Sultan has been turned into a prison for the incarceration of Armenian suspects, where a court-martial is instituted under the presidency of his Majesty himself. A great number of

our countrymen are continually haled before this special tribunal and sentenced (without defence by counsel) to perpetual exile.

When European attention was attracted to these things the Porte announced the appointment of a Special Commission to inquire into Armenian grievances. The Commission may or may not have been appointed: nothing was done. Meanwhile, in August last, England sent Colonel Chermside to Armenia, as Consul-General, whose reports, just published, corroborate my statement of the facts.

In July the Porte entered into negotiations for the settlement in the neighbourhood of Van and Erzeroum, contrary to the spirit of Article 61, of the bands of Circassians who were occupying Russian territory. On July 10th, Turkish soldiers entered Armenian churches in the province of Van, and attempted to drive out the worshippers. Sacrilegious language was used, and the following words evidently show that the Turks have not modified their conduct since the Bulgarian atrocities. "Get out of these churches!" exclaimed the fanatical pioneers of law and order; "we shall soon transform them into Mosques!" On July 31st, fresh arrests were made; an influential member of the community, M. Garabed Apgarian, was added to the list of Armenian exiles, and banished to Tripoli. Information received in August described the state of Armenia as heartrending. Hundreds of Christians were reported to be crowding into the prisons of Erzeroum, Erzingan, Diarbekir, Harpoot, and Van. The most zealously watched prisoners are the school teachers and priests. These are suspected of attempts to arouse the national spirit of the Armenians. The country is overrun with spies. The gates of Erzeroum are guarded by police; and Christians going out and coming in are searched for books or papers, and those found in possession of such are imprisoned until the documents can be translated and examined. Unusual atrocity has characterised all recent robberies and murders. Food is becoming terribly scant.

Many fields remain uncultivated, seed wheat being scarce, and oxen too weak to drag the plough.

Chief amongst the many victims of persecution have been the priests. Some of these have been kept for more than forty hours without food and water ; their hands, feet, and necks in chains, extended in cruciform on the walls of cold, dark, damp underground cells.

But the greatest scourge to the country are the Kurds. Bad as the Turkish Pashas and functionaries may be, they are kind, nay tender, in comparison with the savage Kurds—a nomadic horde, living on robbery, brigandage, and murder. The Turkish Government has a curious and particular predilection for the Kurds, who are warm admirers of the Turkish policy of exterminating the Armenians. These gentry have the support of the local authorities in all the horrors they are guilty of; and it would require a volume to describe all that the unhappy Christians in Armenia have suffered and are suffering through the depredations of this savage tribe.

Early this year, these auxiliaries of the Turks made a raid upon the village of Bledar ; pillaged and set fire to it ; and men, women, and children were burnt alive. The latest outrages, where the Kurds roasted a number of Armenian notables alive, after basting them with petroleum, and boiled several Armenian brides in kettles, are of too recent occurrence to be recited here.

This, then, is the actual and immediate condition of the country. A "court-martial" has been instituted at Van for the trial of Armenians accused of "sedition" ; and this special tribunal is in direct communication with his Majesty the Sultan. The whole country is in a state of siege. Every Armenian house is being minutely searched. In the district of Bitlis brigandage is fostered and encouraged by the local authorities, who distribute Martini-Henry rifles amongst the brigands, all of whom are Turks.

A vivid description of the present condition of Armenia is given in the following translation of a letter from Van :—

"War, and the fall of monetary values, and famine and commercial stagnation, have already reduced the Armenian people to such a degree of poverty that they can scarcely obtain their daily sustenance. But the Turkish Government, instead of adopting measures to utilise the inexhaustible treasures of its territories, and improving the hideous condition of its subjects, loads the people with new taxes, which it collects by the cruellest means. Every Armenian village is compelled, notwithstanding its extreme poverty, to provide food almost daily for the army of tax-gathering officials, who on their part treat the inhabitants with absolute inhumanity. The peasant, reduced now to the last extremity, must either sell his oxen and plough, his house and fields, and clear out; or go to distant provinces in quest of work, with no prospect of returning; or emigrate; or start out and beg from door to door. Thanks to this policy, many of the southern and eastern districts of Vasbouragan (Province of Van) are nearly depopulated of their Christian element, whose place has been taken by Kurds, Turks, Yezidis, &c. Even the educational expenses of the Turks are provided out of the taxes paid by the Armenians. As for the Kurd, he is under no restraint of law, under no burden of taxes, and has no regular military service to undergo. A chartered outlaw, he devastates, plunders, burns, and kills; and no man calls him to account. Robberies and outrages are committed without number; but the Government neither sees nor hears, for its own officials are too often the perpetrators. Forced marriages, forced conversions to Mahomedanism are common, always and everywhere. In a word, civil rights, justice, order, and tranquillity have, as it were, bidden their last farewell, and departed from the land of the Armenian subjects of Turkey.

"Corruption reigns supreme among the officials without distinction, from the highest to the lowest. It has become a law. Every official, even the Governor himself, obtains his office from the central Government by bribery, and by this alone; and throughout all the official world plunder is the great business of life. In all the courts of law, cases are kept pending until the litigants have been sucked dry; and as often as not an unjust judgment is given in favour of the suitor who has lumped down the biggest bribe. But woe to the non-suited, should he venture to question the judge's decision! Imprisonment for life, or, at the least, perpetual exile, is apt to be his answer. It is absolutely forbidden to draw up public memorials. The Press is gagged till there is nothing left for it to print but flatteries of the persons by whom the gags have been applied.

"The following have been added to our intolerable griefs and sufferings:—

"The Turkish Government seems to feel a special pleasure in discovering new methods of oppressing the people. Numerous houses are everywhere searched on the flimsiest and most impudent pretences. Private detractors and calumniators are rewarded with honours and offices. Young men are exiled for indefinite periods; and their defenceless and helpless families are left to shift as they may. The prisons are filled with Armenians (many of them clergymen) who have been flung there, without cause or reason. What heart can endure these things?"

These are the grievances of the Armenians; these are the things that constitute the Armenian Question. Where does the remedy lie? It lies in the prompt execution of Article 61. It is of paramount importance—as shown in the collective Note addressed to the Porte in 1880, by the representatives of the Great Powers, which explains more or less the exact bearing of Article 61—that the form of government to be introduced in Armenia should be based on the principles of equality and decentralisation; a form of government shaped for the local and vital wants of these provinces, and the working of which should be under direct and immediate European control and supervision. Against the constant raids and plunder of Kurds and Circassians, a local gendarmerie recruited amongst the natives should be established. Against the encroachments of Mahomedan law, the reorganisation of courts of justice on a sound basis; the Armenians to have a code of laws in harmony with their customs, habits, and wants, and administered by judges of their own. The Moslem religious tribunal to exercise jurisdiction as heretofore; but only in religious matters concerning persons of the Mussulman faith. Against arbitrary taxation and exactions, and for the development of the resources of the country, a fiscal system founded on just lines. Against the despotic Turkish Pashas, Armenian Governors appointed by the Porte and accepted by the Great Powers, who should be assisted by an elective administrative council. The duties of such a council to be limited to the assessment of taxes and to their disposal, after the payment of a given percentage into the Imperial Exchequer. Religious

toleration to be rendered effective. In Turkish Armenia should be established, in virtue of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty, an autonomous Christian organisation under the sovereignty of the Sultan, rendered effective by the control and supervision of Europe.

If Turkey does not bestir herself to accomplish these reforms the whole of Armenia will pass over to Russia. It is to the evident interest of England that justice should be done to the Armenians; and England is under special obligations in regard to this matter.

After the last war against Turkey, Russia (who until recently has always defended the oppressed in the East) reserved to herself, in the 16th Article of the Treaty of San Stefano, the sole protectorate of the Armenians. England would not admit this stipulation, which, in point of fact, was conferring on the Czar a permanent right of intervention in the administration of a Turkish province neighbouring his own Empire. Russia gave way, and a Convention was signed between that Power and England, on May 30th, 1878, wherein it was agreed that the Protectorate should be jointly shared by the two contracting States. Shortly afterwards, on June 4th of the same year, England signed with Turkey the Treaty of Cyprus, in which she undertook to defend the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in Asia Minor, and declared that she would *guarantee the reforms* to be carried out in Armenia. The integrity of the Turkish Empire has been considered, and rightly considered, to be necessary to the best interests of the British Empire; but it is futile to suppose that without proper reforms, having in view the moral and material advancement of the heterogeneous elements under the sway of Turkey, the integrity of the Empire can be maintained on a sound and durable basis. In the words of a statesman,* "England may save the Sultan from foreign invaders, she may aid him to suppress internal revolts, but she will not

* *Transcaucasia and Ararat.* By J. Bryce.

thereby arrest that sure and steady process of decay which makes his Government more and more powerless for anything but evil." And the remedy lies in the elevation of the *native races*, who constitute the vital forces of the country.

The rapidly increasing discontent in Armenia, through Turkish misrule, will necessarily lead to the reopening of the Eastern Question through Russian intervention. Let England, therefore, take the lead and prevent a further dismemberment of the Turkish Empire in Asia Minor. For a Russian occupation of Turkish Armenia means the practical supremacy of Russia in the whole of Western Asia. Erzeroum, the capital of Turkish Armenia, is the converging point of the roads from the Caucasus, and of those leading into Asia Minor, Syria, and the Persian Gulf. If, therefore, the Russians succeed in establishing themselves in that region, they can intercept the whole overland trade to India; they can become a Mediterranean Power, and menace England in her possessions in Egypt. Nor are these the only possibilities of such an annexation; for "the existing European trade which now passes from Trebizonde to Persia would be liable to be arrested at the pleasure of the Russian Government by the arbitrary barriers of their commercial system." A vast country whose natural resources and riches are very considerable will, in addition, be barred against English enterprise.

The policy which consists in maintaining a Turkish Empire, in virtue merely of traditional diplomatic principle, is one devoid of common-sense and statesmanship, and the sooner English statesmen acknowledge and modify that fallacious policy, the better for them and for England.

M. SEVASLY.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE retrospective section of the Fine Arts in the Universal Exhibition, embracing as it does French painting and sculpture between the years 1789 and 1878, affords an unique opportunity for estimating the true value of that art in what we may call the modern era, both absolutely, when judged entirely on its own merits, and relatively, when weighed in the balance with the schools of preceding centuries in France, to which its achievements constitute both a crown and a contrast.

Not less interesting is the vast collection of painting and sculpture which illustrates the development of France since 1878, and shows the extraordinary *élan* with which, for good or for evil, she has since that year entered upon new and strange paths, accepting unreservedly the leadership of men of mark, who had in their earlier career been looked upon as gifted but over-eccentric enthusiasts, and working out from their principles and practice what is in essentials a new style, marking distinctively the end of the century. But this section of the subject stands so entirely apart that it must be reserved for the separate treatment which it so well deserves.

No modern nation—not even Italy herself—can show such an unbroken succession of schools of art as France can boast, from the twelfth century down to the present time—some great, some only characteristic, some conventional, and some rebelling against one conventionality, only to establish another in its

place; but all, it may be said, technically remarkable, and, whatever may be the subject-matter dealt with, thoroughly in earnest. Once, and once only, has France had a school, not only surprising in the perfection of its achievements, but absolutely great in the spirit which informs these; and that is the Gothic school of sculpture of the thirteenth century, to which we owe the sublime decorations of Chartres, Amiens, Rheims, Notre Dame de Paris; a school which sprang from the late Romanesque of the twelfth century, with hardly less suddenness of development than did the technically and spiritually perfect art of Pheidias from the ripe archaic schools of Athens and Ægina. The mediæval school, thus rapidly developed, still stumbled in matters of execution, and cannot, of course, be fairly paralleled with the most perfect achievements which the world has seen; but for awe-striking majesty of conception and simplicity of treatment it has never been surpassed, while its decorative appropriateness renders it a model to succeeding ages. Later on, France brought forth, from time to time—standing forth among the crowd of exquisitely accomplished craftsmen—men of first-rate genius; but scarcely again has she produced a school which, for strength and grandeur, can compete with that of the comparatively unknown stonemasons, whose masterpieces preceded those of the much-vaunted Pisan school in Italy, and far surpassed them, both in religious fervour and in imposing dignity.

French sculpture in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries acquired animation at the expense of architectonic appropriateness, and rapidly degenerated from the true ideality of the preceding epoch; though to this later time belongs the fiery and noble work of one of the glories of France, the great but too little known Burgundian sculptor, Claux Slutter. If French painting undoubtedly in these same centuries occupied a very subordinate position in comparison with that of the Italian, Flemish, and German schools, still it is to the fifteenth century that belongs one of France's most exquisitely gifted

and most inventive artists, the famous painter and miniaturist, Jean Foucquet—chiefly known now by his famous *Livre d'Heures d'Etienne Chevalier*, preserved in the Brentano collection at Frankfort. All through the period of the achieved Renaissance, which in France was, almost from its commencement, tainted with the blight of decadence, we meet with artists of surpassing elegance and skill—a Jean Cousin, a Jean Goujon, a Germain Pilon; but with no man of original genius, save, it may be, François Clouet (called like his father Jeannet), who was, however, in descent and in style, if not in nationality, a Fleming, and hardly a true child of the Renaissance.

In the great seventeenth century, during which all the artistic glories of France were consolidated, and in the end reduced under one central authority, the very method and aims of the school—imposing as they did an inflated and monotonous pomp and a conventionality which mutilated genius on a Procrustean bed—hindered the natural expansion of original talent of the first order. The most brilliant stars of this century were wandering ones: the Lorrainer, Jacques Callot, whose mordant pencil and etching-needle gave life to inventions absolutely his own; the noble and pathetic interpreter of antiquity, Nicolas Poussin; yet a greater Lorrainer, the famous Claude Gellée, who first among moderns divined and interpreted in their essence, if not in their detail, the higher and more suggestive aspects of nature; and the ardent Pierre Puget, too impatient of restraint to achieve the measured and soulless regularity which marks the age of the *Roi Soleil*, but by far the greatest, if not the most distinctively, French sculptor of the century.

In the much decried, and in England still imperfectly understood, eighteenth century, France regained her artistic liberty, and in some respects misused it. Still, it is too easily forgotten that to this period belong, with the band of exquisitely skilful mannerists, who have left the impress of their polished but frivolous style on the decorative art of the time, some of the most original and most genuinely national artists

of the century. To praise Watteau once more in these these days when his glory has revived and increased tenfold, would appear quite superfluous. As a poet casting the halo of his gentle melancholy over the light subjects of the great world and the theatre, and thus creating them anew; as a painter acquiring, and using with matchless ease, all the magic secrets of his craft, he is equally admirable. The poetic art, the transforming power of Watteau, is the bright particular exception in an age which in France produced exquisite prose—both written and painted—but which more than any other was distinguished for the singular absence of the imaginative element. Yet, if one side of the eighteenth century—and that the best known to the superficial observer—is typified by Le Moyne, Boucher, Carle Vanloo, Nattier, the "Vignettistes"; and a little later on by that cheap sentimentalist and meretricious painter, Greuze, it is too much forgotten that there is a nobler and simpler side to the medal. If there arose no second Watteau, there followed him that true and sympathetic observer of the *petite bourgeoisie*, and that unsurpassed painter of still-life, Chardin, and that most penetrating, liveliest, and most gracious of French portraitists, the famous *pastelliste*, Maurice-Quentin de La Tour. The close of the century was, above all, adorned by the incomparable sculptor, Houdon, whose seated statue of Voltaire (at the Comédie Française), and whose busts of Mirabeau, Robespierre, Rousseau, and Franklin are among the masterpieces of portraiture of that or, indeed, any time.

Executive skill was maintained at a high level throughout the eighteenth century, and technical imperfection then, as ever in France, met with little toleration. The art of even the so-called "Small Masters," or "Vignettistes"—such men as Gabriel and Augustin de St. Aubin, Cochin, Eisen, Baudouin, Lavreince, Gravelot, and Moreau le Jeune—gave evidence of singular executive ability. Half a lifetime would not be too much to acquire the consummate technique shown, for instance

in the famous drawing and engraving, by Moreau le Jeune, of the *Sacre de Louis XVI.*

It is with Louis David that the modern period, extending down to our own day, may be said to begin. He was born in 1748, and was, therefore, forty-one years old at the time of the Revolution; but his decisive influence over French art was mainly exercised at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. The hard pseudo-classical style of his practice at its maturity, in its dullness and harshness of aspect, its affected purity of style, and its absence of sensuous charm, exactly met the wants of the time immediately preceding 1789, and thus easily succeeded in crushing out what remained of the already faded graces which mark the so-called period of Louis XVI. This same sternness and rigidity of style was, with the Jacobin friend and coadjutor of Robespierre, as much the result of political *parti pris* as of artistic bias. When he turned from Roman history or Greek legend to portrait-painting, he became a true and frequently an inspired realist, hardly less stern than before, but remarkable for penetrating power of interpretation and absence of pose. The historical phase of David's art cannot be appreciated at the Exhibition; we must, to understand it, still turn to the Louvre, where are such typical examples as the "Bélisaire," "Les Sabines," and "Le Serment des Horaces." The Exhibition, on the other hand, affords an unsurpassed opportunity for appreciating his power as a portrait-painter. Here is his masterpiece, "The Coronation of Joséphine by Napoleon," a huge canvas, in which he has put together with superb skill, and even—in partial abnegation of his principles—with some charm of colour, all the personages of the newly-made Emperor's Court. Some of the portraits recall, by a certain grave dignity, combined with a measure of realistic truth, the Florentine style of the fifteenth century, while the central group, with all its mannerism, has exquisite elegance. The much-to-be-pitied painters of to-day, so often condemned to depict the hideous court ceremonials of our time, could not

do better than profoundly study this great work, which, coming from the Palace of Versailles, will, it is said, not return there, but enter the Louvre and take its place in the new Salle des Etats. The charming "Lavoisier and his Wife" has still much of the sprightly elegance of the eighteenth century, while the famous "Madame Récamier" is the quintessence of David's own characteristic manner. Still, if I were called upon to choose two typical portraits by the master, I should prefer to name the "Pie VII." and the "Madame Pécoul" (David's mother-in-law), both in the Louvre. Of the three most noted followers of the *chef d'école*, Girodet-Trioson, Guérin, and Gérard—all of them in their own day artists of scarcely less renown than their master—there is little or nothing at the Champ de Mars, save the celebrated and much reproduced portrait by the last-named painter of Madame Récamier. It had always been held by the admirers of the cold divinity to surpass in charm that of David; but hanging, as it does here, beside the latter, that verdict must be reversed: the master has produced a work more living, less dead in tone, and, for once, more sympathetic than that of his courtly follower. The typical canvases of the triad—the "Déluge" and the "Chactas et Atala" of Girodet, the "Marcus-Sextus" of Guérin, the "Psyché recevant le premier baiser de l'Amour" of Gérard—are all in the Louvre, where they make us wonder at the enormous sensation which their first appearance caused in the Parisian art world of their day.

This, the classical school *par excellence* of France—which deemed itself, and was deemed by the critics and the public of the time, to have revived the glories of Roman and even of Greek art; which admitted nothing to be deserving of the name of painting that did not conform to certain fantastic rules more arbitrary than the very "Unities" of French dramatic art themselves, and even less justified by classical example; upon the laws of which even the severe art of Ingres himself was at first deemed to be an over-daring innovation—was in reality

farther removed from the principles and practice of the style which it affected to adopt than any other school that France has seen. The guiding principle of the Greeks in all they produced was the close and accurate study of nature in every particular, the reproduction of truth of gesture, movement, and posture. Upon the basis obtained by such study they generalised, and omitting the accidental in favour of the typical, built up a true ideal; but they never falsified, and they never, by the process of selection, deprived their productions of that true vitality which is one of their chief glories. The art of David and his school is that of the studio, of the theatre, and of the tribune; it is a pompous, inflated, phrase-making art, handicapped at the very outset by its hard-and-fast *a priori* rules, and destroying its chances of immortality by draining away all life-blood, to leave behind nothing but dry bones.

A far greater, if a less imposing figure than that of the Jacobin master, is the melancholy Prud'hon, a painter not less over-weighted than his contemporaries with the peculiar mannerisms of his time, but whom a true artistic temperament enabled to triumph over these. When in Rome, he unfortunately fell under the baleful spell of his close friend Canova, from whose influence he never really escaped; but fortunately this was more than outweighed by the natural sympathy of the painter for the great Lombard school of Leonardo da Vinci, to which he owes his subtle and striking chiaroscuro and his characteristic suppleness in the rendering of flesh—the *enveloppe*, as our neighbours call it in technical phraseology. His influence, and with it that of Milan and Parma, has gone far to mould the style of one of the greatest French painters of to-day, M. Henner, an artist as full of mannerism, but also of as exquisite a charm, as his antetype. Prud'hon's most distinctive works are not at the Exhibition, though he is there represented by some agreeable performances, and especially by an admirable full-length of Talleyrand, no longer Bishop of Autun, but attired in a rich crimson court dress of the Empire period. We must, as in other instances already

cited, complete our knowledge of the master by going to the Louvre, where the great "La Justice poursuivant le Crime," the "Crucifié," the "Assomption de la Vierge," and the charming portrait of "Madame Jarre," show the most distinctive phases of his talent.

In like manner we cannot form from the galleries in the Champ de Mars alone an adequate idea of Gros, Géricault, Ingres, or Delacroix. The two former, though they did not exactly declare war against the classicists, from whom they, indeed, immediately sprang, or put their artistic convictions into concrete language, were the true precursors of the *Romantisme* which, in literature and painting, burst into full bloom between 1824 and 1830. Although Gros was and remained the reverential pupil and admirer of David, whose principles he never abjured, yet when he was called upon to celebrate on canvas the vast achievements of Napoleon, he poured a flood of life and truth into the old formulas, importing into the delineation of contemporary events a measure of fiery realism of the heroic type, which increased their interest tenfold. The appearance of the famous "Pestiférés de Jaffa," in 1804, and of the "Champ de bataille d'Eylau," in 1808, were events of first-rate importance, from which we may date the starting-point of the romantic and realistic schools of the nineteenth century. In the "Charles X. leaving Fontainebleau in 1815" are seen signs of that curious phenomenon, the return of Gros in his later time to the style of David, from which he had so nobly freed himself, in deed if not in word. This picture is insipid and untrue in sentiment, and too timidly correct in execution. But, then, how woefully uninspiring is such a subject for the fiery painter of the Napoleonic battles and victories! The true Gros is seen here only in the full-length portrait of a *beau sabreur*, "General Fourrier."

The ill-fated Géricault, so prematurely cut off before his fiery genius had had time fully to develop itself, is chiefly famous as the painter of the tragic "Radeau de la Méduse," the

reputation of which was first made in England, after it had failed to attract at the Paris Salon of 1819. This could not well be removed from the national collection, but the Louvre has lent, to complete the centennial series, the well-known "Officier de Chasseurs à Cheval." Very curious is a portrait of the painter by himself, in which he appears—though the battle in his time was not at its hottest—as the very type of what is known as the Romanticist of 1830—a *ténébreux* of the first order.

The great Ingres, who, continuing with a finer and more genuine artistic temperament the school of David, and partly transforming it by his persistent endeavour to assimilate the Raphaelesque, was never tempted to swerve from the paths of what he deemed pictorial rectitude into the dangerously fascinating labyrinths of *Romantisme*, is again rather to be studied in the Louvre than at the Exhibition. Seldom has a great master so dared as did Ingres on occasion to be royally and unredeemedly bad—trivial in conception, and distressingly "tea-boardy" in execution; and of this phase the "Thétis implorant Jupiter" is a too striking example. Even the well-known "Martyre de St. Symphorien," though it has a *faux air* of Raphael, translated by Giulio Romano, is far from being satisfactory. Let us rather form our estimate of the painter from his masterpieces in the Louvre, the "Apothéose d'Homère," the "Œdipe," and the pure and impersonal "La Source." At the Champ de Mars the commanding ability of the master is chiefly shown in an exquisite series of pencil drawings, including a number of those famous portraits of contemporaries wherein is displayed a penetrating and realistic method of portraiture, tempered but not effaced by the suavity of the classical artist. That hated and contemned rival of Ingres, Eugène Delacroix, whose "Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople" now faces, in the Salle des Etats, the "Homère" of his most persistent opponent—a contiguity calculated to make the elder master rise from his grave—is represented here by the "Bataille de Taillebourg," an enfeebled echo in some respects of the "Croisés," and by

the passionate and semi-realistic "28 juillet, 1830: la Liberté guidant le peuple." It is a curious fact that, in these days of absolute licence in pictorial art, when *réalisme*, *impressionisme*, *luminarisme*, reign supreme, the reputation of the Arch-Romanticist, who in his day typified revolt from tradition, has a little declined, while his great rival has retained the respect of the modern generation. The reason is, perhaps, that the age which tolerates any eccentricity of conception will not tolerate technical deficiencies of draughtsmanship such as often mar the brilliant pages of France's greatest colourist. The ultra-naturalists, as well as the classicists, of to-day are still inclined to fling in his face the famous reproach launched at him by Ingres on one of the rare occasions when they came together: "Monsieur, le dessin, c'est la probité de l'art!" Still, he who has left behind such an inheritance as the early "Dante et Virgile," the "Massacre de Scio," the "Barque de Don Juan," and the "Apollo slaying the Python," stands too high to be swept away by a passing tide of unpopularity: the place of such a master, with all his incompleteness, must always be among the immortals.

It may be safely predicted that the eclipse of the once famous Paul Delaroche is a final and not a temporary one. His art, complete and well-considered as it is, in its peculiarly hard and unsympathetic fashion, is the art of the theatre, but without the redeeming feature of tragic or even theatrical passion. The real fervour, the possession of which by the enthusiasts of the romantic period entitled them to forgiveness for so much that is false and unsubstantial, is not to be traced in his carefully wrought-out productions. Yet his influence over European art, though now well-nigh extinct, has been more widely diffused and more lasting than that of his more genial contemporaries. The whole of the Munich school, in that phase of which Carl Piloty is the typical representative, issues from Delaroche; and no less is the art of that finer and more convinced artist, Louis Gallait —of whom Belgium has not yet ceased to be proud—to be

traced to the same source. The specimen of the master at the Exhibition is the once celebrated "Cromwell contemplating the dead Charles I.," which is far from equal to the "Princes in the Tower," or the "Death of Elizabeth," in the Louvre.

After all, when the artistic glories of France during the nineteenth century are summed up, its greatest will be to have produced what is, perhaps, on the whole, the finest, and certainly the most moving, school of landscape that the world has yet seen. I refer, of course, to the so-called Barbizon school—that noble body of masters painting in and round the Forest of Fontainebleau, and in Northern France generally—which may be taken to include Jules Dupré, Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Diaz de la Peña, Troyon, and Daubigny, and in which may also be reckoned, if affinity of style is to guide us, such still living painters as MM. Harpignies and Pointelin. It may appear excessive and audacious praise to place this unique group of landscapists on a higher level than the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century—above such masters as Van Goyen, the Ruysdaels, Hobbema, Cuyp, De Koninck, and Adrian van de Velde. I am not unmindful of the magic achievements of the former, or of the consummate style which enabled them often to ennoble the outwardly commonplace materials which they had at hand. But they did not embrace Nature so closely, or interpret her with such tenderness as did their French successors, who, enriched with all the added resources of modern art, were not less consummate masters of technique than their predecessors. Still less am I unmindful of the most commanding genius of the century, our own Turner, who stands forth as an exception, towering in his best inspirations above his compeers, and showing himself in his first period an incomparably simple and true interpreter of Nature, and in his third a splendidly audacious adapter of her aspects to the expression of his own tempestuous moods. The great Frenchmen of yesterday did not, Icarus-like, soar as high as our noblest master, but they were more uniformly successful; they

expressed in its truest and least exaggerated phase the sadness and unrest of their time, and revealed, as none before them have revealed, the strange but real coincidence of Nature's ever-changing appearances with the not less infinite moods of man.

The Exhibition affords an unrivalled opportunity for studying the Barbizon school in its entirety. The veteran, Jules Dupré—the only one of the band still surviving—has here his famous storm landscape, in which, inspired by Constable and Crome, he broke loose from classic conventionality and raised high the standard of revolt. His later productions, if they have not all the penetrating pathos of the other members of the school, are marked by a juicy freshness and transparency, a sombre beauty of tone which is all their own. Corot, the most exquisite of idealists, because his art is firmly based on and generalised from nature lovingly and endlessly observed, may be counted among France's most truly classical masters. There is in his best works a reticence, a gentle melancholy, not divorced from hope, which exercise on the beholder an influence akin to that of fine Greek art; in mastery of composition, artful in its seeming simplicity, he has in France known no rival; not even Claude Lorrain himself, who possessed the art, but not the artlessness. Amid a host of beautiful and characteristic things by the modern master may be mentioned the great "Bain de Diane," the "Biblis" from the Secrétan collection, and, above all, a darkening evening landscape of indescribable loveliness and pathos, in which are seen nymphs approaching to crown with wreaths of flowers a terminal statue of Pan.

Massive and splendidly firm in technique as the veriest Old Master of them all is—in the finer works of his maturity, the interpreter *par excellence* of the nineteenth century, in its mysterious sadness—Jean-François Millet. None as he have delineated nature, and that humanity which with him still forms part of it, in a seemingly indissoluble whole, in which the unity of the impression conveyed is absolute, and it is idle to attempt an analysis of its component elements. If the

"Angélus" is not, after all, to gladden the eyes and flatter the *amour propre* of the Parisians, there is here a still greater work, which may be said to epitomise Millet's genius—the intensely powerful "L'Homme à la houe." Here, too, are the "Trois Glaneuses," the "Tueurs de cochons," the large "Tondeuse de brebis," and many other well-known oil paintings, while in the section of drawings a whole wall is devoted to his pastels, among which may be found "L'Homme à la Veste," the tragic "Vigneron," and the supremely touching and beautiful "Plaine au petit jour," an endless expanse of grass-grown plain, stretching out to the extreme horizon under the first opal light of early morning, untenanted by man, beast, or living thing.

The superb draughtsmanship and fine style of Troyon—the most complete in some respects, but occasionally the most prosaic of the group—are shown to the greatest advantage in one of his masterpieces, the famous "Vallée de la Toucques," from the Goldschmidt collection. I cannot call to mind any similar piece, ancient or modern, which would deserve to take precedence of it as a perfect work of art. Théodore Rousseau and Diaz are the true poets of the Forest of Fontainebleau, the former by far the greater and the more earnest interpreter of familiar Nature in her least familiar aspects; but the latter sometimes the fresher and more charming in his less profound interpretation of the same scenes. The Exhibition contains, perhaps, some of the finest and least perfunctory work of Diaz—a very variable and not always an inspired master—but of its many examples of Rousseau, none reach his very highest level. By the side of his illustrious *confrères* Daubigny succeeds in maintaining himself, notwithstanding a certain occasional harshness of colour and greasiness of touch, in virtue of the noble and touching simplicity of his conceptions, and the inimitable charm with which he invests the calmly-flowing rivers, the green hills and plains of Northern France. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Daubigny's influence on the contemporary schools of the Low Countries, of Germany,

and even of England, has been even greater than that of his more gifted brethren. Happily, M. Harpignies is still living to uphold, almost alone among Frenchmen of this generation, the banner of poetic as distinguished from merely superficial truth or scenic appropriateness in landscape; but he, though represented in both sections of the Exhibition, reserves his full strength for the Decennial collection, where he shows three landscapes of incisive force and rare beauty of composition and sentiment.

Bastien-Lepage, who, in his sympathetic and penetrating delineations of peasant life in France, did for the individual what Millet did for the type, is splendidly represented here by most of his best works. America has sent back the "Jeanne d'Arc," of which the central figure, even though its environments are far from happy, is, taken by itself, a real inspiration; and with it are seen the "Récolte de Pommes-de-terre," "Les Foins," and the remarkable group of portraits in which the painter has immortalised those simple peasant-folk, his family. Among the smaller presentments of living notabilities realised by him who was perhaps the keenest and most unerring of modern physiognomists, are the famous "Sarah Bernhardt"—a study of warm white, grey, and ivory; the "André Theuriet," and the cruelly true "Albert Wolff," which should be more interesting to the public than gratifying to the well-known *chroniqueur* of the *Figaro* himself.

A great outcry has been raised because the committee of the Exhibition have admitted a whole series of works by that revolutionary and technically incomplete artist, Manet; but they are surely fully justified in the course they have taken, since, if he himself achieved little—even admitting his peculiar standpoint—he was, at any rate, the chief pioneer of a movement which is now exercising an enormous and still growing influence over all the modern schools of Europe and America. For having manfully borne the brunt of the battle in evil days, the deceased artist is entitled to a measure of those honours which were denied to him during his lifetime.

Space is wanting to refer even casually to all the consummate artists of to-day, who, although they are still living glories of France, are of sufficient standing to exhibit in the retrospective section works produced before 1878.

To deal in summary and over-hasty fashion with the French schools of sculpture of the last hundred years would be to show a want of due respect for what is in some ways the noblest and most complete form of modern French art. With the full conviction that to treat one branch of a great subject otherwise than in conjunction with the twin branch with which it is inextricably involved, is to treat it from a limited and one-sided standpoint, I am reluctantly compelled to postpone for the present the discussion of some of France's greatest artistic achievements of the last hundred years. For who would venture to deal in a few lines with Houdon, with Rude, with David d'Angers, or with Baryė? Who would rashly attempt to characterise in a few words the distinctive talent of such more recent sculptors as Carpeaux, Chapu, Guillaume, Paul Dubois, Falugière, Mercié, Frémiet, Delaplanche, Barrias, Injalbert, St Marceaux, Dalou, and last, but in some respects greatest of all, Auguste Rodin?

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE PROGRESS OF CO-OPERATION.

I.—IN ENGLAND.

IN these days, when electric currents, established by science, seem to run through the national mind, social movements are regarded with apprehension, since they march to their destination with a rapidity heretofore unknown. The hitherto indifferent are now curious to discover what any new movement means, and desirous to discern what direction it takes, what changes it may lead to, and what interests it may affect.

As, however, apprehensiveness often breeds error, popular agitations are often taken to have a policy which really have none, being begotten of impulse alone. Some sense of wrong, some intellectual unrest, will become contagious, incite common action, and all the while be without definite aim or conscious policy. Nevertheless, there are movements which have both. The Socialistic advocates on the Continent have both policy and purpose. The reader has doubtless seen in accounts of the co-operative societies in France the aims by which their adherents in that fertile-minded country are animated. Since the pernicious days of Richelieu all movements in France have had a policy, and sometimes the policy kills the movement. In England we commonly have the movement first and the policy afterwards—and the policy does not begin with us until the movement has taken determined root. Robert Owen, who was the founder of Socialism in England, was inspired by French theorists, and he began with a theory and a policy. His theory was the possible, predetermined formation of character by

education and well-selected material environments; his policy was the creation of opulent, self-supporting, industrial communities. The English, as a rule, distrust theories. What they say they want is "something practical," and co-operation, as we know it now, did not arise until Owen's theory and policy were regarded as dead. He incited co-operation and put it into men's minds, and his disciples subsequently put it into force and it is now mainly carried forward by persons ignorant alike of his name and ideas.

In Owen's days co-operative stores were conducted largely with the intention of devoting any profit made to founding industrial communities, of which that of Queenwood, in Hampshire, was the chief and last. When that failed two sentiments survived—dislike of competition as a cause of waste and social strife; and a conviction that the middleman intercepted profits and increased the cost of provisions to the working class. Disciples of Mr. Owen, in Rochdale, had twice or thrice failed in establishing a store on the plan then prevalent, that of buying provisions wholesale, and selling them retail. Those who held £1 shares, or made loans, had the disposal of all profits. The society was a joint-stock shop, at which the purchasers had no more interest in dealing than at any other shop. In those days the law did not protect the property of the shareholders, and theft, apathy, or bad management frequently destroyed the stores. The merit of the Rochdale co-operators was, that they introduced the plan of limiting the profits of the shareholders to 5 per cent. interest, and dividing any surplus among the purchasers, in proportion to their purchases. As these societies seldom made profits it excited ridicule to propose to divide the profits among purchasers, when little or none were made. But this device was, nevertheless, the beginning of modern co-operation. The hope of profits attracted new members after a time, and retained them when profit did accrue, for accession of members made more profit, as 500 could often be served at the cost of management necessary for 100.

In a few years Professor Denison Maurice, Edward Vansittart Neale, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Mr. Frederick Furnival, known as "Christian Socialists," came into the movement, procured improvements in the law, and aided in the organisation of co-operation. Then the grocers did as much as these new allies to establish it. The grocers did it by boycotting the stores. They would neither sell to them, nor allow the wholesale dealers to do it—for if any did, they boycotted the dealers by taking their orders from them. Englishmen love a struggle; conflict inspires them, and the Co-operators had now a concrete foe to fight. Mr. James Smithies, the chief leader of the Rochdale Co-operators, and mainly Mr. Abram Greenwood, of the same town, Mr. James Crabtree, of Heckmondwike, and many other stalwart Co-operators, took action, and established a wholesale buying society. Mr. Lloyd Jones, Dr. John Watts, and other former lecturers, under Robert Owen, incited the stores to support the project, and now the Manchester Wholesale Society are able to enter the markets of the world with six millions of ready money yearly. They have ships of their own to carry produce from the chief markets of Europe and America. Thus Co-operators, who would have gladly dealt with grocers, are now independent of them and supersede them. Wholesale branches exist in London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and elsewhere. Scotland has a separate buying society and branches of its own, whose business, compared with the population, is greater than that of the English wholesale.

Co-operative societies, thus enabled to command an unlimited supply of genuine provisions, grew in the land. It soon transpired that any society of 4,000 members could make £10,000 of profit a year, which showed that the workmen's families, where there is no good store, are paying to local shop-keepers £10,000 a year for being supplied with their humble requirements over the counter. This large sum now goes into the pockets of working people where they have the sense to establish and sustain a substantial store of their

own, besides having better commodities and paying no more for them.

This form of co-operation has been introduced into all the great nations of Europe and America. It has risen from the banks of the Roch, as Rogers describes Rome as rising from the banks of the Tiber:—

> "From nothing, from the least,
> The lowliest village (what but here and there
> A reed-roofed cabin by a river side)
> Grew into everything: and year by year,
> Patiently, fearlessly working her way
> O'er brook, and field, o'er continent and sea."

The principle, practice, and policy of English co-operation are manifest in their results. The effect of store co-operation is to set the workman free from adulteration, false measure, and debt; and, by saving dividends, accumulate funds with which to commence workshop co-operation, in which capital shall receive due interest on its use and risk, and the workers and thinkers receive the profit, divided upon the wages of all who produce it, by labour of brain or hand. Thus store and workshop co-operation contributes to health, independence, and income. In England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland the co-operative societies number nearly 1,400, the members nearly 1,000,000, and the profits exceed £3,000,000 annually. On this practical ground a policy of industry is now growing. The amazing success of distributive co-operation has been all owing to the equitable division of profits in the store. The new object of co-operation is to secure the equitable division of profit in the workshop. The object is "new" as regards the day which is, but not new absolutely, for it was, as we have said, the earlier aim of co-operation to emancipate industry from subjection to the capitalist, as well as set commerce free from the exactions of middlemen.

The Rochdale Pioneers declared* that:—

* In their Almanack of 1864.

"The principal object of the founders of this society [in 1844] was the equitable division of the profits arising from the manufacturing of cotton and woollen fabrics. They believed that all who contributed to the realisation of wealth ought to participate in its distribution."

The Christian Socialists, already named, and others, as Lord Ripon, Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., Mr. Hodgson Pratt, Mr. Sedley Taylor, the late Mr. Lloyd Jones, Mr. Edward Owen Greening, have been unchanging advocates of equity to industry. Mr. Vansittart Neale, in earlier years, and Mr. Walter Morrison, in later years, made splendid sacrifices to promote this object. It is the principle of profit-sharing to which general concurrence is given. Statements, theories, and arguments as to the claims or "rights" of labour vary with different interpreters. But all agree that industry must share in profits if pauperism is to cease.

The co-operative principle is distinct from socialistic or anarchical theories, yet it goes a long way. The advocate of equity to labour maintains labour to be the industrious man's capital, and that it should be respected like the rich man's capital and rewarded like it. Until this is done, there will always be "poor in the land," dwelling in unhealthy cottages, in unhealthy lodgings, and perishing of overwork, privation, and disease, in the midst of their days. How can the priest in his temple give God honest thanks "for all His mercies to the children of men" when he knows they are dying of poverty and squalor within a few yards of the altar? How can a gentleman sit down without remorse, in the splendour of his home, while those who make his wealth lead cheerless lives, and the curses of the hopeless are heard in the air? Co-operation proposes to make the world fit for a gentleman to live in it. It is not so now. But it will be so when every man has an equal opportunity of competence according to his condition, and not till then. This can come about only by profit-sharing—on the sea, on the field, in the mine, and in the workshop. We hear persons chatter of the claims, risks, and rights of capital. What are they compared

with those of labour? Capital lends it money—demands ample interest, that its interest be well secured, has priority of claim, and commonly a second and third claim for interest. But labour is taken without security, is given no interest, has neither first nor second award of profit, and can be cast off at a week's notice. Co-operators maintain that labour is the workman's capital, and has the same right to profit, as capital to interest. They deny that wages are an instalment of profit. Wages are merely a business charge. Interest is the rent of capital; wages are the rent of labour. Profit is made between them, and should be divided between them. Wages do but provide the food and house-shelter of the human machine necessary to keep it in working condition, just as the fuel and engine-house have to be provided for a steam-engine. And if these are not, the steam-engine will not work, showing more sense than many men. Co-operation holds that labour is property, and entitled to protection and interest like any other property. One-half of all existing property is made up of the earnings of unrequited workmen. Capitalists have their wages just as workmen have. The wages of capital are the current rates of interest. But in addition to interest, capital seeks profit, and in like manner labour seeks profit in addition to wages. Capital is the lesser agent but it has the better fortune. It neither thinks nor feels nor exerts itself. If England does not suit its owner, he can sojourn in sunny climes and his interest follows him; and in the end he usually dies with great riches. All the while the workman is, as it were, chained to the workshop. All the best hours of the day, all the best years of his life, all his strength and skill, have been invested in the workshop. But when his strength decays he is left penniless to perish. Capital could not have made a shilling of profit without labour. Nevertheless, capital carries away all the profit

Is this fairplay to labour? Is this equity to industry? Is it common honesty, or common humanity? Co-operation intends that there shall be the same equity in the workshop it

has put into the store. Since labour performs the harder part, it should get the larger part. The co-operative doctrine is, that both labour and capital should live and prosper. Capital, the nursing mother of labour and prosperity, should be paid adequately for its risks, but it should be paid only once, and what remains should be divisible among those who earn it. Nobody would begrudge capital its honest interest, if it would but be content with that. It is its aggressiveness which sets workmen against it. Even in co-operative industrial enterprises it not only bargains for 5 per cent. (which is considered fair where there is security and no special risk), but will take 7½ per cent., and then, out of the profit which may remain, it stipulates for another half of the residue, and leaves the workman a sum too small to give labour encouragement, or hope, or chance of provision for the day when labour shall be impossible. Then hatred of capital arises, and anarchic sympathies are created. Capitalists describe this as ignorance and suicidal distrust of wealth. All the while they themselves create the distrust by loading their boat with all the fish, and leaving those who caught them dinnerless on the bank. It is not Socialism or Dynamitism which creates discontent. It is industrial injustice which creates the Socialistic and the Nihilistic dissatisfaction. The working men have capital in their labour, and its earnings are taken from them. If they took profits from gentlemen they would be called thieves, but if gentlemen take profits from workmen they are called smart employers, are said to act "within their rights," and are accorded repute for business capacity.

Labour is no longer stupid and defective in vision. It reflects, and it sees clearly. Industry discerns its place in the production of wealth. Co-operation has taught many that, who did not know it before. The workman is no longer beguiled by the treacherous assurance,

> "How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong."

Workmen have come to see how much more "sublime a thing it is" not "to suffer" at all, and to be "strong" nevertheless, like other people, who contrive to pass through life without the inconvenience of suffering, and yet who "toil not, neither do they spin." Those who both toil and spin are better entitled to be "strong" without "suffering."

The Co-operator reasonably asks those who would understand the worth of common labour—to suppose it entirely to cease. Few can realise what that would mean. No more garments would be made, and the world of fashion would be shabby in a season; no more food would be produced and famine would set in in a month; there would be no more enjoyment for the rich, their luxuries would be no more renewed. Within three months after common labour was no longer performed, the money of the wealthy would be as worthless as though they lived under the siege of Paris; their comfort and security would be ended; the lordly mansion would crumble and decay; the proud navy would rot; the Imperial army might be bought for a waggon-load of flour; the Queen's palace would be worth no more than a poorhouse.

When the humble toiler ceases to serve, it means that the doctor will be no longer driven to your door; the newspaper train will not arrive again; the omnibus will cease to run; the post-cart will come to a stand in the road; the locomotive will rust in the station; the ship will be arrested on the sea, and the captain and passengers will perish in their cabins. No news would come any more from kinsmen in distant countries; no message could go out from us to them; the telegraph would be mute. No labour means desolation. When toil ceases, the fire will go out on the hearth; light will be extinguished in the dwelling and in the street. Every town will be in darkness; no protection will then be had; the dead will lie unburied where they die. Then loathsome odours will arise; deadly exhalations will spread themselves about unchecked; fevers will crawl about human dwellings like snakes,

piercing with stings that kill; the Angel of Death will move over city and hamlet, over land and sea, unhindered, unimpeded, undelayed. If higher forms of artistic labour continued it would not last long. The author would have neither paper nor ink, the painter no pigments; the singer of "undying songs" would have to get in his own coals; and the artist, who paints "immortal pictures," would have to empty his own dustbin.

Of course labour cannot cease; if it did the poor would die as well as the rich; but since, as anyone can see, labour largely and mainly ministers to wealth, wealth should have the wisdom to take care that labour shall have security and enjoyment in the life which is. It is the policy of co-operation to bring this to pass. There would be no Whitechapel whose squalid monotony is only relieved by murder, were labour adequately requited.

We all know that profit cannot be made always, nor in every business. We do not ask that profit should be divided when there is none, but when there is, Co-operation claims that the workman shall share it in the proportion in which his labour creates it. Profit is made in business and trade, else whence come the palatial warehouses, the costly equipages, the princely country seats, the well-appointed yachts, luxurious living, the enormous—the "scandalous" fortunes, as the mother of Archbishop Trench called them, which the millionaires amass out of unrequited labour?

Co-operation is not for State help, it is for self-help. It is not Nihilistic — that is, anti-utilitarian and profitless. Co-operation teaches capital how to save itself. The boy to whom a visitor had given a crown piece asked for a penny instead, giving as his reason that "his father would take the five shillings from him, but if he had a penny he could spend it himself." So it may be with capital. If it gives in time the penny of equity it may keep its crowns. Accord the workman living wages and the means of moderate competence when Labour is no longer possible, and capital may enjoy its riches unenvied and unalarmed.

Church Convocations and Nonconformist Councils now

recognise that neither morality, nor honesty, nor piety can prevail so long as wealthy idleness can bring abundant riches, and honest labour bring only precariousness and despair. Now the children of workmen grow up, disliking labour, and drifting, or seeking to drift, into the ignominious classes who live on the labour of others, seeing no reason to prefer the more honest vocation of labour themselves. Young men and women now regard work as mean, because it has no prospect save toil, penury, and pauperism. Secure to labour the right of profit and competence, and labour will be the only dignity, because there will be self-earned prosperity in honest industry.

"The dignity of labour" is the cant praise of capitalism, used to reconcile workmen to unrequited industry. The workman is to have the "dignity," and capital the profit. Co-operators hold that there is no "dignity" in labour until labour is endowed with the right of profit. The ordinary outcome of capitalism is seen in the sweating system. It gives to the workman the wages of misery, and leaves him to perish when it no longer needs his services. It denies any legal or moral right of labour to participate in profit. Many generous employers show more consideration, and often pay wages in full when they make no profit. This is Employers' Socialism, which is no more respectable than State Socialism, since it subjects those who accept it to the humiliation of existing by sufferance and charity. Co-operators object to live by charity. They make little complaint of the aggressiveness of capital—that means feebleness; they make no supplication for better treatment—that means helplessness. If they are true to their self-helping principles they need not depend for subsistence upon the condescension of capitalists. They have a better way. They act on the maxim of Lindsay Gordon:—

"Question not, but live and labour
Till your goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none."

The aim of workshop co-operation is all expressed in a famous sentence of Carlyle: "I know no better definition of the rights of man than, THOU SHALT NOT STEAL; Thou shalt not BE STOLEN FROM. What a society were that! Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, were emblems of it." Few people are as yet aware that co-operation has an industrial policy. That is it. It is—not to steal, and to create that condition of things under which the workman shall not be stolen from. Distributive co-operation established in the stores a Profit Bank from which those draw out money who never put any in. Thus labour has come into possession of means, and means have inspired it with a purpose. I have known modern co-operation from its birth. I stood by its cradle and saw that the occupant was alive. It grew up robust because we fed it with profits—the most nutritious diet known. Hence I have had opportunity of knowing what the policy of the movement is. The Co-operator with such light as he has, "does the duty nearest hand." He decries none who take another method, but wishes them all rightful success, for the world has need of many improvers. He blames persons little, but seeks to supersede the "system" which gives any the opportunity of ill-doing.

Though not entered upon here, it is not denied that there is another side to co-operative argument. More can always be said in favour of that which is, than of that which ought to be. Those in possession are always eloquent in defence of their advantages. Nevertheless, profit-sharing is coming. Three associated agencies are engaged promoting it. Some eighty-six co-operative workshops are in operation. Festivals of profit-sharing labour are being held. The Scottish Wholesale Society has workshops in which profit is shared. The Co-operative Builders of Brixton (Curtis and Co.) have executed important works and have built a costly house at Wimbledon for the Misses Meinertzhagen which would satisfy Mr. Ruskin. It contains a quality of work which has not been done in England for a hundred years. "Each remote and unseen

part" of the house is executed with equal conscientiousness, as only men with pride and interest in their work would do it.

Co-operation is of no party, for Lord Derby as well as Mr. Gladstone has been friendly to it. George III. promoted the earliest forms of it. The Duke of Kent took Mr. Owen's view of it. The Queen and the Prince of Wales have taken interest in its progress in their day, manifestly understanding it. There must be more dignity in reigning over "well-found" artisans than over paupers, actual or expectant.

Profit-sharing can come in two ways—by co-operative workshops, or by industrial partnerships, in which, when working expenses, interest on capital, and a reserve fund are provided, the residue of profit is shared with labour. This form is extending in England, though not so rapidly as in America. The ordinary employer pays the least he can for labour, and labour, taught by that example, gives the least it can in return. The workman has in him qualities of thought, contrivance, interest, pride, and goodwill in work. These no employer buys. In an industrial partnership they are bought, and workpeople make profit by economy in material, by increasing the reputation of the firm; they make profit by putting character and honesty into their work, and by diminishing in a thousand ways the anxiety and care of the employer. An industrial partnership is not a sentimental but a good business arrangement, which pays. Those disposed to blame employers for not generally adopting this plan, must remember that neither employer nor workmen all at once appreciate the unaccustomed advantage. Workmen who become little capitalists frequently do as larger capitalists do—seize all the profits of the workmen under them. Or if they accord profit they treat profit as a gift, although they well know it has been earned, and even propose to withhold it if it be not spent to their satisfaction, just as their employers did by them. Equity is an education and imposes trouble and patience both upon employers and workmen. Mr. George Thomson, of Huddersfield, a disciple and friend of Mr.

Ruskin, has converted his woollen-cloth works into an industrial partnership, with the condition that honesty and excellence of work shall be as heretofore the characteristics of all the manufacture of the Woodhouse Mill. Profit with honesty—work which can be trusted, cheapness measured by excellence, not excellence measured by cheapness—are the qualities of genuine co-operative manufacture. Workmen having small capital, and therefore unable to bear losses, and, by reason of limited capital, unable to conduct large businesses, in which large profits are made, can but very slowly cover the land with independent co-operative workshops. Profit-sharing will sooner make progress by employers establishing partnerships of industry with their workpeople, which will enable them to retain their best workmen. It is in the direction of industrial partnerships that Co-operation wistfully looks. Confiscation of wealth, or forcible redistribution of it, is as contrary to English habits of thought as it is impossible save for a very short time. Nevertheless, "Distribution" *must* "undo excess" somehow, and in no way can it be done with more simplicity and justice than by increasing the income of labour in the workshop. Participation in profits involves no recasting of society, disturbs no business administration. It does not impair the authority of employers—it needs no State interference; it confiscates no man's property; it equalises fortunes without spoliation; it renders capital secure by rendering it just; and can make precariousness and pauperism impossible, by putting the means of competence into every industrious man's hands.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

II.—IN FRANCE.

M. CHARLES GIDE, a professor of Political Economy at the Faculty of Montpellier, who on more than one occasion has shown a real independence of mind and breadth of view which are little to the taste of the high priests of economical orthodoxy, has somewhere expressed himself as follows: "When I try to picture to myself the coming organisation of society, as far as our shortness of sight will allow us to foretell the future, it appears to me in the guise of a multitude of associations of every size and description—associations in which the workers will possess the entire product of their work, because they will also be the owners of their instruments of production—which will suppress all middlemen, since they will exchange all products directly among themselves—which will not cramp individuality, because individual initiative will remain the hidden spring setting each of them in motion, but which, on the contrary, will, by their solidarity, protect the individual against the chances and changes of life."

Is there any truth in the prophecy? Controversy may have free play round this point; the future belongs to no man, and the augur's trade is a sorry one. He is a bold man who believes himself competent to declare, with certainty, which of two contradictory prophecies contains the truth. But are we bound to attempt the realisation of M. Gide's prediction? This question has been answered (in each case negatively) by two men placed at opposite political poles.

In 1850, M. Thiers, who before he crowned his career as President of the Third Republic was a violent adversary of the Second, used the following words in the Tribune of the National Assembly, in his Report of a Commission: "Associa-

tions of working men are but another name for industrial anarchy. Actual events will soon prove this to demonstration. Your Commission declares that it does not believe that collections of individuals possess the necessary qualities for the proper working of any industry."

Eminent men belonging to the Socialist party in France arrive at the same conclusion as their unwearied opponent, though on different grounds. They scornfully regard all attempts at co-operative associations of working men as vain and illusory. According to them, these are mere expedients intended to lull to sleep the wrath of the class which labours productively and to consolidate the power of the middle class and the capitalist. They oppose every scheme of co-operation as an obstacle and a hindrance to the revolution they invoke.

Those of us, on the other hand, who believe in the evolution of societies as of individuals, who consider revolution as an accident to be dreaded in the existence of a people, and in no sense as a solution, advocate with M. Gide the widest possible development of workmen's societies.

It may be that the men who extol such societies have some illusions as to the immediate results which the labouring class may expect to derive from them. More than one co-operative society has failed merely because of the inexperience of its members. But the associations which have survived are sufficiently numerous, their results are sufficiently satisfactory —as much from the point of view of the interests of society as also from that of individuals—to enable us confidently to recommend to artisans the practice of association.

In France, before 1789, the condition of the artisan was subject to regulations which were often extremely severe, and always vexatiously minute and detailed. Corporations confined individual activity within the narrowest limits, which it was forbidden to overstep. In order to pass master in any trade a man had to go through a series of trials, and fulfil a number

of conditions, too often determined by personal interest or arbitrary caprice.

It was to put an end to such abuses that the legislators of the Revolution drew up a number of measures framed to ensure the freedom of labour. But, as so often occurs, the reaction was excessive, and the reformers overshot their mark. In destroying the abuses of the system, they struck down at the same blow the real advantages which these corporations secured to their members.

It was difficult to gain admission into the guilds; the workmen who were excluded, and thus deprived of the right of exercising their faculties freely, had good reason to rise against them. But the workmen who were admitted into the guilds found in them real protection and solid support. The body whereof they were the members was, in some sort, a family.

Guilds have disappeared. Absolute freedom to work has been proclaimed. But it affords but slight satisfaction to the modern artisan, lost in the immense factory of which he is one of the thousand wheels, to know that he enjoys a theoretical liberty. How is he, an unknown and isolated workman, employed to-day, dismissed to-morrow, to defend himself against the abuse of power in his employer?

One resource avails him. If he can combine with his fellows in labour and poverty, he may perhaps find in this union the means of resisting unjust claims and of asserting his personality and his rights.

The most elementary and the most dangerous form of defensive association is found in the strike, the common resolution taken by the "hands" to refuse to work for the employers against whom they have a grievance. A resolution which is always dangerous, for the strike aggravates the distress of the strikers, and often useless, when the supply of workmen exceeds the demand.

Why, then, should not the workmen abandon this negative form (so to speak) of association, in favour of an active and

aggressive union? Instead of concerting to refuse work, why should they not unite to work at their own expense and risk, the employer being eliminated, and each associate raised to the rank of master? This is the aim of societies of co-operative production. The establishment of such societies has to this day been attended with difficulties which some people believe to be insurmountable in the case of a whole class of great industries. No railway exists in France, nor I believe in any other country, managed by its associated officials and workmen. Though the theory of the mine for the miners is not quite Utopian, yet it has been realised only in certain exceptional cases. It is true that in the case of a number of these great undertakings association among the workers has been abandoned in favour of another and simpler plan—a share in the profits.

Societies of co-operative production have found in France their special field among those industries which do not require any great original outlay of capital. All those trades in which the energy, intelligence, and professional talent of the workman are the first and most important factors, could essay this new form of association, and there is more than one instance in which the efforts of the workman have been crowned with entire success.

One category of co-operative societies has been brilliantly successful in France as elsewhere—namely, co-operative societies for the sale of food and clothing. There is little need to insist on the causes of this fact. In such a society the point is to obtain for its members those articles of food or clothing necessary to daily life, at a lower price or of a better quality, than can be obtained in the ordinary way of trade. It is a far easier matter to make a good use of the resources already at our disposal than to carry on successfully any manufacture whatever in the teeth of the obstacles offered by the conditions of modern competition. Hence it is that while so many societies for the sale of articles of consumption are successful, we have to regret the failure of so many associations for the manufacture of goods.

Legislators in all countries have considered this question of co-operation. In Belgium laws were passed in 1873 and in 1886 with regard to such societies. In Germany a law for their regulation was passed in July, 1868, and a Bill was brought in a short time ago to modify the strictness of certain articles which declared the unlimited liability of all members of such associations. In Italy the Commercial Code regulates the comparatively large number of workmen's societies in that country. The Act of Parliament of 1876, renders the members of English co-operative societies responsible in proportion to the amount of their subscription. In the United States the status of co-operative associations differs in no degree from that of other industrial societies and companies.

Government in France has not always been favourable to the development of co-operation, even in its simplest form—a share in the profits.

When, in 1843, M. Leclaire, whose example afterwards produced such great results, wished to give his workmen a share in his profits, it was in these terms that the Prefecture of Police expressed its opinion of his action. "It is," says the official whose business it was to enlighten the Prefect about this matter, "it is a new departure with regard to workmen's wages which should not be encouraged, and which is even contrary to law. The workman should remain entirely free to fix his wages, and should not enter into compacts with his master, which is what M. Leclaire seems to desire. From this point of view it appears to us that the authorisation which he requests should be refused him, especially when we consider that by obtaining a share in the profits the workman engages himself to his master for more than a year—which is forbidden by the 13th art. of the Law of the 22 Germinal, year xi."

This curious document clearly shows the state of mind of our rulers of that day. The Republic of 1848 brought into power men of very different political aims. The Decree of July 5th, 1848, opened a credit of 3,000,000fr., which were to be lent

to associations of workmen, or of workmen and masters together. This sum was rapidly taken up. In Paris, alone thirty associations of working men, and two societies of men and masters received 912,560fr. In the provinces, twelve societies of working men, and fifteen of working men and their employers, received more than 2,000,000fr.

But if enterprise had been rapid, failure was as prompt. Of all the societies which then took their rise only four still exist. The Coup d'Etat of 1851 was fatal to most of them.

The great French law with regard to companies and partnerships, which is that of July 24th, 1867, contained a whole chapter, the third, devoted to societies "with variable capital." Its wording allowed of the establishment of a considerable number of workmen's societies. But the law of 1867, which does not even allude to co-operative societies by name, has a capital fault. Drawn up, as a whole, for the ordinary commercial companies and partnerships, it imposes a series of formalities which have not prevented great companies from evading the law and swindling the public, but which have put serious obstacles in the way of co-operative societies, and have certainly prevented the foundation of more than one. For this reason, in 1879, M. de Freycinet, and afterwards M. Sadi Carnot, employed a part of their time, as Ministers of Public Works, in the study of the means whereby co-operative societies might be enabled to undertake public contracts. In 1880 a Bill was submitted to the Assembly, but it was never discussed. In 1882 M. Floquet, as Prefect of the Seine, caused conditions of contract to be drawn up and adopted, which realised for Paris the ideas which MM. Carnot and Freycinet had vainly tried to carry out.

Finally, on March 20th, 1883, the Minister of the Interior named a Special Commission to inquire into the means of rendering it possible for workmen's associations to compete for contracts for public works, and also into the conditions under which it would be possible to compel the employers

of labour to grant their workmen a share in the profits of their enterprise. This inquiry, which lasted five years, terminated by the promulgation of a Decree now in force, and by a vote in the Chamber on May 31st and June 7th, in favour of a Bill embodying the views adopted.

Before considering the innovations introduced into legislation by these two documents, it will be interesting to glance at the three thick volumes which contain the report of the proceedings of the Commission, and the evidence laid before it by employers of labour and by the employed.

The most important evidence is that furnished by the late M. Godin. M. Godin, who died recently, was something more than a great employer of labour. He had been a Deputy, and gave his whole life to the study of social questions. His latest work, which has appeared since his death, *La République du Travail*, is very remarkable. He has left other memorials, too, besides his books. Le Familistère de Guise, which attracted the attention of economists and statesmen, is also his work. His evidence before the Commission was, therefore, that of a man of weight, and I may be allowed to give some extracts here.

He says: "I do not claim to have worked any miracles at Guise, but I wish that you could compare the population of the Familistère with any other similar population. Its general conduct is excellent. No child of six years old is unable to read; no child of fourteen is without the elements of a good education. At first, this community had but very little education; it has changed greatly in the last twenty years, and in ten years more its general intellectual and moral level will be extremely satisfactory. These benefits, are directly due to the association.

"From an industrial point of view, facts are more convincing than the warmest praise. Since the association was formed the workmen have been directly interested in the improvement of production; they are keen to point out sources of loss, or causes

of bad work; nay, more, they are always on the look-out for possible improvements, and we are constantly taking out patents for new inventions.

"At the present day 900 people have a share in the profits, and are all shareholders, some possessing stock to the value of 500fr., others of 1,000fr., 2,000fr., and 10,000fr. respectively. So that the Familistère possesses, in the hands of 900 shareholders, a capital of about 1,200,000fr. The association possesses, moreover, a reserve of 460,000fr. and a sum of 670,000fr., which forms a fund for pensions and insurance.

"This fund is sufficiently large to allow the invalided workmen to live on quietly as members of the society. If you could visit the Familistère, you would see the old pensioners enjoying their perfect security, insured against poverty till their death."

If the system of allowing a share in the profits has not produced an equally brilliant result everywhere, all the witnesses examined on this head are unanimous in their satisfaction at having adopted it, beginning with M. Leclaire, whose difference of opinion with the authorities we have recorded above. The joint capital of the insurance society in the Leclaire firm now reaches a total of 1,700,000fr.

A share in the profits is not only allowed in such trades as that of Leclaire and Co., who are house decorators, which require but little plant; the system is adopted by nearly fifty great firms, of which some require a large and expensive plant. We may mention the Orleans Railway Company, the printing houses of Chaix and Dupont, the paper factory of Laroche Joubert, the Bon Marché, &c.

We pass now to the co-operative societies for the production of manufactured goods. These number nearly eighty in France at the present day. Some have been established for a considerable time, and have already executed work of considerable value. A table drawn up in 1888 shows that the Tailors' Association, founded in 1863, has done work to the value of 5,000,000fr. The

Union of Coach Builders, since 1873, 3,000,000fr. The Society of Opticians, which dates from the Second Empire, has in less than forty years produced goods to the value of 30,000,000fr. It is to be regretted that this society, like too many other co-operative societies, does not allow a share in the profits to the assistants it employs.

As might have been foreseen, the societies for the production of manufactured goods offered the strongest opposition to the law of 1867. Those which could take contracts for public works complained bitterly of the obligation imposed on them of paying down a certain sum in advance. This sum is often required six months before the beginning of the work. The State pays the contractors only 3 per cent. interest, while they have to pay nearly double on the money advanced them, so that the grievance was a real one. The societies also had a good right to complain of the difficulty encountered in obtaining payment from the Administration of the sums due to them, or an advance upon the work already executed. The manager of the society is required to produce legal documents, which must be renewed every time there is a change of agent or manager. These formalities are not required of co-operative societies alone, but are a result of that irritating system of red tape against which so many and such useless protests are raised. A curious example of this system may be mentioned. The Administration of the City of Paris had subscribed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. When the proprietors wished to be paid the sum of 50fr., the Administration required the production of legal documents, which cost 80fr. to draw up. The proprietors of the *Revue*, it is said, considered that the honour of counting the City of Paris among their subscribers was not worth 30fr., and struck it out of their list. This abuse of formalities occurs in another matter. Nearly all co-operative societies are obliged, before beginning work, to apply to a banker, who exacts as a guarantee a bond which allows him to receive directly in the creditor's place the sums due for the

work executed. This document is stamped at the exorbitant rate of 1fr. 25c. per cent., even if the debt is contracted for no more than a month.

These are some of the hindrances which obstruct the path of co-operative societies when they would undertake the execution of public works. But all working men's societies, whatever the nature of their employment, encounter vexatious formalities and expenses, which hamper them in their very formation. No doubt a working men's association can, under the law of 1867, be founded by seven members, each of whom pays 5fr. The smallest share allowed by law is 50fr., but the immediate payment of a tenth allows the society to begin working. But if the associated capital required in the origin is of the smallest, the necessary expenses swell the sum considerably. The presence of a solicitor is required by law, if not to draw up the regulations of the society, which can be done by private signature, at least to certify the subscriptions and the payments of the members.

Besides this necessity for a lawyer, which is a costly matter, there are the heavy expenses of legal publications, so that the cost of establishing a society the capital of which may be 35fr. must rise to 500fr. at least. This is a startling discrepancy. The framers of the Decree of 1888 and of the Bill of 1889 have endeavoured to remove such abuses, and give satisfaction to those who have suffered under these grievances.

The Decree deals with the share taken by co-operative societies in the execution of public works. The first article cuts at the root of a difficulty pointed out by all the societies. They complained that too often the works were adjudged, as a whole, to one contractor, who sub-let them afterwards to special contractors, a system which led to speculation. For the future, contracts are to be divided, as far as possible, into lots, according to the importance of the work, or of the material required, or according to the nature of the industries interested.

Formerly, companies which applied for a contract were

required to produce a paper certifying that they had previously in a satisfactory manner, executed similar works. This singular requirement, carried out to the letter, must have always prevented them from making a beginning. Henceforward, says the third article of the Decree, a certificate of capacity, delivered to the agent, clerk of the works, foreman, or other member of the association specially delegated to direct the execution of the work, will be sufficient.

We have already mentioned the complaints of those interested against the exaction of a deposit of money. Workmen's societies will be henceforward dispensed from making such a deposit when the cost of the work undertaken is calculated to be under 50,000fr. The Decree has adopted M. Floquet's regulations, who, as Prefect of the Seine, had substituted in the contracts for the public works of the city, and of the Department, the deduction of a portion of the wages as a security, instead of the payment of a deposit.

Finally, the last and not the least interesting clause declares that in the case of equal tenders for contracts having been made by private firms and by co-operative societies, the preference should be given to the latter.

It will be observed that these are important innovations, to which is due the fact that several co-operative societies have been able to take part in the works for the Exhibition of this year. The Decree has already borne fruit.

The societies for the sale of articles of food and clothing have had no grievances to be redressed. As was said at the beginning of this article, the great majority of them are doing a good trade. We may mention, as an example, the "Fédération," a society which is established at Vienne, in the South of France. It has existed only twelve years, and yet a few weeks ago the society had a banquet to celebrate the acquisition, at the price of 100,000fr., of the houses where the business is carried on. The society has turned over 4,500,000fr. in twelve years, and realised a total

profit of 261,000fr. Out of this bonus the members have created a pension fund, which serves for ninety-two annual pensions of 150fr. to 160fr. a year.

One division of the Bill is, however, devoted to this class of co-operative societies. It allows them to have, in addition to the members who take part in the management of the business, others who pay for the right of admission but take no part in the deliberations of the general meetings. It imposes on them the obligation of deducting at least a tenth of the annual dividend to form an insurance fund. It decides, lastly, a much discussed question by declaring that such a society can be validly represented in the Law Courts by its administrators.

But the new law will apply especially to the co-operative manufacturing societies. It has removed most of the grievances caused by the troublesome formalities of the law of 1867. The intervention of a lawyer is no longer required. For the legal constitution of the society it is now only necessary to deposit at the office of the Tribunal of Commerce, or at that of a justice of the peace, a copy of the deed of membership of the society. It will be no longer necessary that deeds which constitute or dissolve the society should be drawn up on stamped paper, or be registered. These new regulations will remove the weight of those expenses which crushed young societies. Moreover, new facilities are granted to associations which require credit. The banker who advances the necessary funds can become the assignee of the money owing to the society by the State, or by the town by which it is employed, on the receipt of a registered letter. The registration duties, which weighed so heavily on acts of transfer, are diminished; the income-tax will not apply to these societies as long as their nominal capital is under 2,000fr.

Other clauses are not less important. No increase of capital can be made until at least half the amount of the original shares has been paid up. At least a twentieth of

the profits must be annually devoted to the formation of an insurance fund.

The responsibility of associates towards the general public is limited to the amount of their shares or promised capital, an indispensable clause in these societies, composed of working men, whose gains are small, and who would otherwise be deterred from such associations by the fear of incurring unknown and heavy liabilities. Finally, co-operative manufacturing societies may adopt the form either of societies with fixed, or of societ es with variable capital. In the latter case the diminution of capital which may occur on the retirement, exclusion, or death of one or more associates must not exceed nine-tenths of the original joint capital.

Such are the essential points of the Bill as voted by the Chamber. It constitutes a real advance on the law of 1867. Framed especially in the interests of co-operative societies, it facilitates their creation by removing most of the obstacles raised by the law it replaces. At the same time that the Decree of June 6th, 1888, allows co-operative societies to accept contracts for the great public works, and thus offers them an additional reason for existing, the new law renders their constitution simpler.

The Republican Government has thus acquired a new title to the confidence of the working classes, and to the gratitude of all those who regard the development of the spirit of association as one of the elements in the solution of the social questions of our day.

A. MILLERAND.

PITT AND TALLEYRAND IN 1792.

FEW things are more interesting, or perhaps less known, than the intermediary period of what the French call the "Great" Revolution; the period, namely, when the irrevocable was only overhanging, and when what has in reality shaped the present century needed not to be.

Of what brought the past to a close—of 1788-89—of the States General and the dawn of Constitutional Monarchy, we are tolerably well informed—though we have never quite realised the genuine good faith and heartfelt enthusiasm with which *all* France (including her clergy high and low) greeted it; and of the brutal and insane iniquities of 1793, and its after years, we know but too much. But it is of the intervening time that we are more or less ignorant—of that time when the common-sense of the public was not yet annihilated, and when the intelligence of those who saw straight, and the generosity of those who repined not at self-sacrifice, might still have averted evil—it is of *that* time we ought to know more.

To know more was difficult, because, of the thoughts of the two leading spirits of the moment, when prevention was perhaps a possibility, we had such imperfect evidence. These leading spirits were, till 1792, Mirabeau and Talleyrand.

What the first had really been, of his untiring political activity, only imperfect documentary proof was extant, until the publication of the Lamarck papers some twenty years ago. In the account of what Talleyrand's preliminary action was, there existed a vast hiatus. People waited for the publication

of the famous *Memoirs*, which, upon the epoch alluded to, will be found to contain marvellously little. His entire *official* correspondence with his Government, after Mirabeau's death, his self-inspired mission to England, and the details of how that mission was executed—these failed.

It was guessed by several, positively known to a very few, that the Correspondence with M. Delessart, the then Foreign Minister of France, had not been destroyed, did in reality exist —but where? And by what means could communication with it be ever obtained? It was also known that in this lengthy correspondence would be found the true undistorted account, the day by day narration, of what occurred in London during the spring and summer of 1792, between our English Government, represented by William Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Stanhope, George III., and the ex-Bishop of Autun, who had caused himself to be sent to England in order that, *by an understanding with the rulers of Great Britain*, war might be prevented and revolutionary convulsions, such as no mortal mind could measure, be warded off. No public or private papers, published since the last half century and more, furnish the intimate details of this eventful year. They are contained only in the voluminous letters written by Prince Talleyrand from London to his chief in Paris, and to his friends (and co-conspirators) who were then Ambassadors at the different European Courts.

It is this Correspondence which has for the first time been given to the world under the following circumstances:—

In the latter part of the year 1792, M. Delessart (the Foreign Minister) became "suspect," and was to be tried at Orleans. His counsel, M. Moreau Laubois, was aware of the importance of these letters, and with much trouble obtained them. They were consigned to the *Greffe de la Haute Cour d'Orléans*, where, from a variety of incidents, they remained for *nearly fifty years!* The King was beheaded, the Minister killed in the September massacres, and Consulate, Empire, and Restoration followed on each other's heels, swept along by

the tide of never-ending revolution. Still, the truth-bearing letters remained buried in the Orleans *Greffe*, when, in 1840, a new employé, M. Bimbenet, was named, and having the curiosity to examine the *dossier* of what was to have been the *procès*, he lighted on the entire correspondence of Delessart with the ex-Bishop in 1792.

Its importance fairly dazzled him; he put it in order with the utmost care, and apprised of it M. Guizot, then first named Minister of Foreign Affairs in France. He at the same time, however, made a copy of the letters, meaning to reserve them to himself. M. Guizot immediately sent to Orleans a Foreign Office official, to receive, through the Procureur-Général the documents from M. Bimbenet's own hands and to lodge them in the Foreign Office archives. At the same time, so urgent did it seem to M. Guizot that these letters should not see the light that he forbade M. Bimbenet to keep his own copy. Again, for long years, was the Correspondence locked up in the Foreign Office archives (M. Sybel, the German historian, having on one occasion been specially allowed only to look at the bundle by permission of the Emperor Napoleon III.). Some years after the war of 1870, permission was given to examine the treasures buried in these archives; and but a few years since, M. Pallain received from M. Bimbenet permission to publish the Correspondence in full.* These letters have recently been published for the first time in Paris, and undoubtedly do supply the original text from which it is *alone* possible to reconstruct the intimate political and diplomatic circumstances of those few eventful months during which it might perhaps have been vouchsafed to a small knot of earnest far-seeing men to turn the torrent of the Revolution into other channels.

It will suffice briefly to state what this curious work implies, in order to prove of what paramount import its publication is to us in this country.

* *La Mission de Talleyrand à Londres en 1792—Correspondence inédite.* Par M. Pallain, Head Director of French Customs. Paris: Plon et Cie, 1889.

It shows, first, what was the aim of the statesmen of France, who threw all their energies into the cause of *all* reforms.

What was their sincere desire for the support of England.

Their thoroughly accurate knowledge, even then, that in free England the Government was not everything, and that there existed a *nation* besides a Government.

Their determination to *preserve peace at all costs.*

Their intelligent appreciation a century ago of the vast weight to be assigned to commercial interests.*

And, above all things, it places before our eyes the, *to us*, all important problem:—

Was the great war a necessity?—an unavoidable necessity?

The majority of the best and noblest of Englishmen are probably of opinion that the great war made England great and that from that giant struggle came the England of our fathers and grandfathers, culminating in 1815 with Waterloo and the Duke. But it is impossible to deny the fact that the war cost hundreds of thousands of human lives, and millions of gold, and sowed the first seeds of some few social questions that the coming generation may not find it easy to solve. It is, therefore, of a certain importance to see whether indeed the great war was an absolutely unavoidable thing—a thing we, in England, had no choice of avoiding, if we meant to be true to ourselves.

Talleyrand, in the early days of the Revolution, foresaw what might be its consequences, and, long before even the meeting of the Etats Généraux, called Mirabeau's attention to the possible *preventive* advantages of a league of the three *Liberal Powers!*—England, France, *and Prussia!*

* One of the most curious facts of the volume consists of a long letter on a projected *commercial* treaty between England and France, *written in 1786* by the then Abbé de Périgord to Mirabeau (and never yet published). In its reflections on wine duties, and its theories touching lowness of tariffs alone securing largeness of revenue, it might have passed in 1860 between M. Rouher or M. Drouyn de L'Huys and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon.

Mirabeau's answer (he was then in Berlin, and the date of this is 1786, three years before the opening act of 1789), is that, for "seven years this has been the dream of his life." And he adds: "I have talked of it with the Duke of Brunswick, and this triple alliance is *not an impossibility*."

Peace is the aim. A peace resolved on by England, that had passed through Cromwell to William the Third and the House of Hanover; by Prussia, whose Soldier King had been the first *modern* German; and France, whose aspirations were tending to such results as only the most unprejudiced minds ventured to perceive without trembling.

This is the beginning of all.

Time passes, and 1789 is there, with its meeting of the States General, following on the really grand provincial movement of 1788, and still the true, earnest *Liberals* can believe in the foundation of a Constitutional Monarchy, and, till the last month of 1791 and the first days of 1792, the possibility of rescuing France from the excesses of the Revolution remains the creed of a few brave, far-seeing spirits. The situation, in a few words, is this: the Conservative Powers of the North, with the Queen's brother, Kaiser Leopold (the Emperor of Germany, of the *Holy Roman Empire*) are, naturally enough, allied in opposition to France—ready at the first provocation to pounce upon her. The few guiding spirits in Paris foresee how the "provocation" may come and what alone may ward it off. The two leaders are Mirabeau and Talleyrand. In the spring of 1791 Mirabeau dies, and Talleyrand is left alone to carry out their joint idea, of which Mirabeau had written that it was *not* an "impossible *chimera*." From May, 1791, to January, 1792, "the Bishop"* works hard at his plan of salvation, and that with free England, who, though governed by George III., had nevertheless gone through a tolerable number of

* M. de Narbonne, the then War Minister, an extremely witty Statesman of the eighteenth century, never ceases to be amused by the social incongruity of his friend's position, and always gives him the *sobriquet* of "*L'Evêque!*"

"irregularities" (including regicide!), to assert her own freedom. His firm, unshakable belief is in England, and, strangely enough, in William Pitt. But to work out his plan is not so easy. He is not *officially* anything; he is an ex-prelate only, distrusted by many, feared, but admired for his acknowledged vast intelligence. He has friends, however, who will help. Louis de Narbonne is Minister of War; Ségur is Ambassador at Berlin; Biron commands at Valenciennes (and will be sent to London); Noailles is in Vienna, and if only the French Foreign Minister can be brought to enter into Talleyrand's views, and *in some way* send him over to England, a means of stopping the fatal effects of the Northern Alliance will be found—a *Neutrality Treaty* will be signed! For this, Talleyrand's trust is in Pitt!—in the largeness of Pitt's mind, revealed chiefly to his senses by the knowledge he had of his strong leanings towards Adam Smith.

At the end of six or seven months he succeeds in forming his Conspiracy of Peace, and in January, 1792, he obtains from M. Delessart a letter of introduction to Lord Grenville, but simply as "the late Bishop of Autun going to London on his own private affairs." Not much in the way of credentials "on the strength of which to *negotiate* with Chatham's haughty son!" But his energy and his faith in his "mission" are indomitable, and he goes to London, sees Lord Grenville, who is "civil," and *at last* sees Pitt, who at first is barely so, and tells him he has "no powers." To which he replies that *being a Deputy* he can have none. And, in conclusion, Pitt consents to hear what he has to say, and—writes the "Bishop": "*il m'a montré de la curiosité.*" This first meeting takes place late in January, 1792, and in May of the same year the *Treaty of Neutrality* is obtained!

The Correspondence during this period is an all but daily one, and contains the record of all the changes and chances that occur between Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Stanhope, and Talleyrand; between the latter and certain Opposition members,

and between even Windsor and Versailles, for the letter that Dumouriez persuaded Louis XVI. to write to George III. was decided upon by the direct advice of Lord Stanhope. Talleyrand's first gleam of hope comes to his only half-convinced chief in the following words, which are too significant not to be quoted :—

"Les dispositions de M. Pitt ne s'annoncent pas comme devant être aussi fâcheuses qu'on le dit à Paris. Il faut pourtant s'attendre à des difficultés, car ce n'est pas une petite affaire que nous entreprenons, mais nous avons des moyens, et si M. de Ségur marche dans le même sens que moi en Prusse, je crois pouvoir vous assurer que nous arriverons à quelque chose."

This is after the first interview with Pitt, who told him he had "*point de caractère (officiel),*" but evinced "curiosity about French affairs," and listened long ; and already in the allusion to Ségur, in Berlin, we perceive the plan adopted by the "Bishop" for securing the co-operation of his "*co-conspirators.*"

The *Neutrality Treaty* of 1792 is a matter of history, but the true and detailed account of *how* it was brought about is contained only in this volume of *Letters*, just published by M. Pallain, and their interest is not to be overrated. Without having space to do more than point this out, there are two subjects of which mention should be briefly made : one, the insight given by the book into a phase of Pitt's thought ; the other, the strange way in which, after a lapse of over ninety years, history has repeated itself.

First, we have before us the proof of the intellectual grandeur of Pitt, in which Talleyrand had such faith. It is always hard to connect the innermost thought of a statesman with the acts he may conceive himself compelled to perform ; and, while Pitt spoke to the outward world through Nelson's guns at Trafalgar, who shall say no memory remained to him of the peaceful glories that once fired his early imagination ?

Next, we gain a conviction of the large and sincere *modern-mindedness* of Prince Talleyrand. In his mind, from the first

hour, the one plank of safety for France was *Constitutional Monarchy*—but he wanted a monarchy grounded on *French* ideas, not *imitated;* he wanted it evolved from Louis XI. and Henri IV., *not inflicted* by Jacobins, who hail from the narrow *Radical* statesmanship of a Cardinal Richelieu.* Talleyrand saw the *only* safety in a Limited Monarchy, and the only mode of ensuring it in an alliance with England, his "Neutrality Treaty" being but the first step to an alliance. He saw all this future from the point of view of his intelligence alone; there was no "sentiment" in the Bishop of Autun; but what his intellect so clearly grasped he worked with downright passion to carry out. It failed. After its failure he *believed* in nothing more, foresaw the entire future, and the disappointment was so bitter that he went through life shrugging his shoulders. Talleyrand must be judged by the years that end in 1794, when he went to the United States.† All was over then, and these *Letters* of 1792, alone, give the key to the man's real nature. After the failure he cared for nothing more. This is shown by the one fact that, while he believed, he ignored his own favourite precept: the Talleyrand we have in these curious *Letters* is a living, earnest man—a man overflowing with positively restless *zeal!*

As regards the plan itself—which stopped historically with the affairs of Holland and Belgium—it might still be interesting to trace out the one "fine point" at which war gave its aspect to the European imbroglio—but as a matter of fact, and in the perspective of time, what do we see? On one side, the commercial combinations and possible peace of 1792; on the other, the Franco-English Alliance of 1853, and the Crimean War.

* One most interesting document in the volume proves this amply: a long letter to another intimate friend, M. de Choiseul Gouffier, Ambassador to Constantinople, in 1786, in which he says: "All reforms must be developed from *our own* old institutions—they contain *everything.*"

† Oddly enough, the English Professor, whose subsistence was then chiefly derived from the lessons he gave to Prince Talleyrand, was none other than the *Radical* William Cobbett—"Cottage Economy" Cobbett!!

The two, ravelled and torn asunder ninety years ago, meet again in Mr. Gladstone's Budget Speech of 1860. *But between those two dates?* If in 1792 the Constitutional Monarchy dreamt of by Talleyrand could have been established, there would have been no Bonaparte and no military despotism perverting France to a temporary moral ruin; no "glory," making, at last, of Sedan the expiatory revenge for Jena. In those ninety years, we English register the apparently decisive fact of Waterloo. And yet! note the backward steps: in 1830 the great Duke himself welcomes, not ungladly, the same negotiator who failed half a century before, for 1830 sanctions 1792, and the ex-Bishop brings *a Limited Monarchy to England;* though not *the* Constitutional Monarchy he believed in—and he, the ex-Bishop, has no faith in anything more, and henceforth and for ever says: "*Surtout pas de zèle!*"

Was, then, the great war a necessity?

Even now at this very hour history again repeats itself. France, with her Exhibition—looked askance at by the rulers whom its *date* disquiets—is signing her "Neutrality Treaty" with the populations of the whole world, putting in practice the theories of Prince Albert in 1851, trying to realise his best hopes!

In darker ages, huge chasms yawned geographically. We bridge them over now—but where are the mighty engineers of such statecraft? Are there any Pitts, or Talleyrands, or Wellingtons left?

H. BLAZE DE BURY.

THE DYING DRAMA.

"THE sun of the drama has set, the matter isn't worth talking about, it has ceased to be an interest for serious folk, and everything — everything that's anything — is over. The sooner we recognise it the sooner to sleep. . . . It's a pity, because the theatre *might* have been a fine thing. At all events it was a pleasant—it was really almost a noble—dream. *Requiescat.*" So says Mr. Henry James—but no! I do him injustice; Mr. James would die rather than say anything so emphatic. It is one Dorriforth who thus chants the requiem of the drama in a dialogue, "After the Play," published in the first number of this REVIEW. Mr. James himself, like Br'er Rabbit, "lies low and says nuffin'"—or everything. This Mr. Dorriforth is a singularly acute person, and many of his remarks are very much to the point; but I think he has it too much his own way. He makes too short work of the drawing-room dialectics of his interlocutors. The very facility of his victory might well lead him to reconsider his position. "Vous êtes pessimiste?" says M. Barillon to Hélène in Jules Lemaître's *Révoltée.* "Oh, si je le suis!" she answers. "Ca m'ennuie même de l'être. Il y a tant d'imbéciles qui le sont." When we find it easy to make converts among the shallow and ignorant, we may fairly begin to question the depth of our own insight, the adequacy of our own knowledge. Suppose we set down our afternoon tea-cups, Mr. Dorriforth, and adjourn from the drawing-room to the study, where there is no bric-à-brac to be broken if we should get a little eager in our argument. There

we may look somewhat more closely into the sad case of the dying drama.

First, to remind the reader of the heads of your discourse. You are dolorously prophetic over the development of scenic art. You say it is "only in its infancy"; but you regard it as an infant Hercules, strangling acting with its right hand and literature with its left. You foresee a time when the theatre will be a mere glorified peep-show. The drama no longer exists as literature. "You can't find it—there's no text. . . . There is only a dirty prompter's book." And the decease of the drama is doubly certified by the fact that "our English world" is positively crying aloud to be dramatised, if only there were any one to do it. "Such a field," you cry, "for comedy, for tragedy, for portraiture, for satire! . . . If the occasion always produced the man, London would have produced an Aristophanes. But somehow it doesn't." Then, again, the material conditions of the stage render revival impossible. One cannot go to the theatre, like Johnson, *impransus*, and one's post-prandial frame of mind is apt for peep-shows, not for plays properly so-called. In short, there is "a pestilent congregation" of influences fatal to drama, which has actually succumbed to them long ago, though there may still be certain nervous twitchings in the dead limbs. Never mind; *requiescat in pace;* let us dress for dinner.

Do you admit, my dear Dorriforth, that this is a fair summary of your argument? Very well. Now, frankly—all that about the theatre becoming "a landscape without figures," or, as I have put it, a peep-show, I am sure you don't believe any more than I do. The thing is inconceivable, unless humanity is sinking into its second childhood. True, there is an element of puerility in our present craving for scenic display. We are like children with a new toy; we can think of and play with nothing else. But presently (in a generation or two) the novelty will wear off. We shall no longer be content with mere decoration; and in the meantime we shall have mastered

the decorative arts, which at present have rather mastered us. Have you seen Professor Herkomer's ingenious experiments at Bushey? The Professor is doing excellent work in carrying scenic illusion to its highest power, developing its utmost possibilities. It is not in modern human nature to rest satisfied till the furthest fastnesses of any given region are thoroughly explored. The impulse to scale the Matterhorn is irresistible, though we have no intention of laying the common highway over it. We cannot truly renounce what we have not entirely mastered. To find the mean we must know the extremes. How are we to determine what is right until we have fully ascertained what is possible? It is conceivable that Richard Wagner's forecast may be right, and that the drama, instead of developing along realistic lines, may blend into the great "art-work of the future," reuniting with dance and song, with painting, sculpture, and architecture, in a vast symbolico-poetic whole. In that case our present enthusiasm for scenery is part of the main current of tendency, and not a mere eddy in the tide. I own that I cannot contemplate this possibility with anything like pleasure. It reminds me of that mournful strophe of Béranger:—

"Si nous t' enterrons
Bel art dramatique,
Pour toi nous dirons
La messe en musique."

Still, this "art-work of the future" would be something very different from your glorified peep-show, my pessimistic Dorriforth. I admit the possibility of the most strange and unexpected forms of life on the stage; but sheer intellectual inanition—no!

Again, as to the classic drama, is not a new method slowly evolving? The great actors of the past were great actors indeed; but I doubt whether, if they came to life again, their performances would give us anything like unmixed satisfaction. John Kemble, Kean, Macready, even Mrs. Siddons—should we

not find them fitfully impressive, and, for the rest, loud, stagey, grandiose rather than grand? There is not the least doubt that such actors as Kemble and Kean could be distressingly bad when they tried, and bad in a way we should nowadays have difficulty in tolerating. It is a pity that we have lost their art along with their artifices; but some day we shall recover it, and a chastened, humanised rhetoric will have its place beside realism in the theatre. So, at least, it is open to us to hope. I find it hard to conceive that men should ever give up the attempt to speak dramatic poetry beautifully and act it gracefully, or that, if they persevere, they should not one day re-invent the art. Then Mr. Dorriforth would no longer find us "discussing the conception of a part of which the execution doesn't exist—the idea of a character which never arrives at form."

But the contemporary drama is the main thing; if it be really dead, Mr. Dorriforth's dirge is not a whit too dismal. One of the alleged proofs of death is clearly fallacious. Do you know, Mr. Dorriforth, why the dramatic literature of the day exists only in dirty prompt-books? Not because no plays worth reading are produced; not merely because people have lost the habit of reading plays; but because the publication of a play exposes it, defenceless, to American piracy. Once remove that anomaly and we should soon have a dramatic literature of a sort. As it is, I have on my shelves several privately printed plays by living dramatists (by one in particular) which "let themselves be read" with pleasure. Still, printed or unprinted, the drama certainly falls far short of prose fiction in respect of intellectual importance. Even in France the disparity is obvious enough; here, it is startling. Must we, then, despair, concluding that the drama is destined to drop further and further behind? Would it not be wiser to try for a new formula, which should bring new themes within the dramatist's range, and soften the crudity of his effects?

And here, Mr. Dorriforth, I think the Théâtre Libre, which

gave the text for your homily, might have suggested more cheerful reflections. Not that *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien* was a very cheerful performance. It needed exquisite mounting and consummate acting; it was put on the stage in the most rough-and-ready fashion, and played by a company of well-meaning amateurs, with a Duc d'Enghien who had some talent but no chin. For all that (as Mr. Dorriforth half admits), it interested and moved one. It showed a character in the grip of destiny, and showed it without any (actual or figurative) limelight effects. Now, is not this what we want in the drama of the future—a simplification of mechanism, a diminution of artifice? Does not the theory of the well-made play, with its stereotyped act-and-scene formula, its effects of climax and antithesis, in short, its architectural structure, hold the field too exclusively? I do not mean that all our plays are well-made; most of them are very much the reverse; but they all aim at the Scribe-Sarcey ideal, however far they may fall short of it. The plot must be exposed, embroiled, and disembroiled; every scene, every act, must describe a given curve of development; the actors must be brought on and off the stage by all sorts of palpably ingenious—if not ingenuously palpable—shifts and devices; human nature can scarcely get a word in edgewise amid the incessant creak and jar of the conventional machinery. We hear it even in Ibsen.

If the drama is dying at all, it is dying of technique. Aristotle's ghost—his *Genganger*—still walks in the theatre. Not that either critics or dramatists are in the habit of burning the midnight oil over the *Poetics*. Most of us are quite guiltless in that respect. But the influence of Aristotle (scholastically misinterpreted) survives in the fixed idea that the drama is subject to certain invariable rules, must be cast in one or other of a few given moulds, and must set forth a complete and rounded story, with the incidents ordered according to a traditional scheme. Playwrights are still concerned about a question which painters, I understand, have ceased to discuss

—namely, where to place their Brown Tree. This Brown Tree is the upas-tree of art. We must get rid of it, root and branch, and set to work with a clear canvas to record the subtleties and complexities of modern life. Sarcey, in France, is the hierophant of the Brown Tree. When it is not in its right place, he cries, "Ce n'est pas du théâtre," and there is no more to be said. But we must go to Germany for the completest and most systematic development of the theory. If you want to know how to build a play on the most approved model, you will find a complete recipe (with diagrams) in Gustav Freytag's *Technik des Dramas*, a monumental and awe-inspiring work. You must have your "einleitende Accord," your "aufregende Moment," your "Steigerung" in three or four "Stufen," your "Höhenpunkt," your "tragische Moment," your "Umkehr," again in three or four "Stufen," and finally, of course, your "Katastrophe." In short, you will be provided with a place for everything, and instructed to put everything in its place. The drama, according to this system of technique, would soon be like the Egyptian desert—an arid plain dotted with solid, immovable, mathematically, engineered pyramids, dead as the ideas they entomb.

It may be said that no one troubles about Herr Freytag, with his ground-plan, elevation, and section of the perfect drama, his apparatus of square and plummet and compasses. But the pyramidal theory, or ideal, or instinct—which is, in fact, identical with the theory of the Brown Tree—rules in the minds of many playwrights and critics who have never heard of Freytag, and but vaguely of Aristotle. "Story, God bless you! they *must* have one to tell, sir"; and they must order the telling of it in accordance with a pre-established formula. It never occurs to them to present a phase of life upon the stage simply as a phase of life. They must have what is conventionally termed a drama —a series of unusual, exciting, more or less improbable incidents and accidents, leading up to a marriage, or a death, or a reconciliation, or a rehabilitation—in short, to a conventionally

recognised "cue for curtain." This may, perhaps, be the only possible form of drama. Great things—the very greatest—have been done in this form, and it is conceivable that in this form alone great things can be done; but to admit that, is to admit that the drama is indeed a moribund art. As yet, the attempts to break through the established forms, though interesting and in some measure praiseworthy, have been timid, inconclusive, and for the most part unskilful. For I am not arguing that there is no such thing as theatrical technique, and that you have only to go to work haphazard in order to produce masterpieces. When painters gave up the Brown Tree, they did not thereby abandon all attempt to ascertain the essential and everlasting conditions of the medium in which they work. On the contrary, the technique of the new art is all the more difficult to learn because it is not laid down in a set of hard and fast rules which he who runs may read, but must be spelt out, so to speak, by each artist for himself. Whoever sets about rejuvenating the drama will have to learn by long consideration and patient experiment how life can be mimetically reproduced with the least possible amount of falsehood, distortion, and pose, yet so as to seize, impress, in a word, to interest, a more or less motley crew of spectators. To this end we require, not a negation of technique, but a new technique; and we must seek for it, surely, on the line of less structural elaboration, greater freedom, pliancy, and variety of form.

I have said that even in Ibsen we hear the creaking of the conventional machinery. The truth is that, technically, Ibsen is by no means the most modern of playwrights. It so happened that during the recent run of *A Doll's House*, at the Novelty Theatre, an adaptation of a Dutch play was performed at the Prince of Wales's, which offered a curious contrast to the work of the Norwegian poet, and illustrated, as it seemed to me, one of the technical limitations of his style. The Dutch play was called *A Man's Love*. It was not for a moment comparable with *A Doll's House* in point of strength, subtlety,

characterisation, poetry; but it had one great merit, in being entirely contained, so to speak, within its own frame. We were in the thick of the action three minutes after the curtain rose. Beyond the knowledge, conveyed by the playbill, that the personages were a husband and wife and the wife's sister, we required no preliminary information in order to understand what was going on. The whole drama passed before our eyes, without preparation, without artifice. How different from *A Doll's House!* There everything depends on a complicated set of events which occurred seven years before the rise of the curtain. In order that they may be explained, a shadowy personage has to be introduced, who is in effect neither more nor less than the good old confidante of the French tragedy. Ibsen shows endless ingenuity in the attempt to humanise Mrs. Linden, and give her a vital, instead of a merely mechanical, function in his play; yet every now and then we seem to hear her creak. Half the first act is given up to preliminary confidences, before we reach what Freytag would call the "aufregende Moment" in the entrance of Krogstad during the game of hide-and-seek; and even the ensuing scene between Krogstad and Nora consists for the most part of narrative and explanation, though Ibsen has thoroughly impregnated it with dramatic feeling. Far be it from me to deny that all this preparation and exposition is admirably done in itself, and is amply justified by the marvellous superstructure. I merely point out that it is in its essence artificial, mechanical: that, however skilfully he may dissemble it, the poet is, through a considerable portion of the play, engaged in arranging the *ficelles*, the strings and wires, which are afterwards to make his puppets dance. Ibsen is, on the whole, a slave to his expositions. In only two of his modern plays—*The Young Men's League* and *An Enemy of the People*—can the action be said to come fairly within the frame of the picture. Nearly half of *The Pillars of Society* is given up to the explanation and discussion of events which took place fifteen years before the rise of the curtain. It is true

that the explanations are most naturally and skilfully managed, and that the discussions are highly, even thrillingly, dramatic. They are, in fact, the substance of the drama, which is designed to show a man's bygone cowardices and treacheries rising up in judgment against him. Nevertheless, we cannot entirely get rid of the sense of artifice. In every interval of reflection we hear the machinery whirring. *Ghosts*, again, is all exposition up to the very last moment of the play. "Bang in front of the audience" (as Mr. George Moore would say) nothing happens until the final blow falls, and Oswald shrinks together in his chair, crying for "The sun! The sun!" Two acts and nineteen-twentieths of the third are devoted to relating the Alving family-history (including its latest incidents in Oswald's cerebral tissue) from all possible points of view. The whole thing is absorbing, poignant, at some points almost overwhelming; but it is a drama of retrospect, not of actual, present development. *The Wild Duck* involves a great deal of exposition; *Rosmersholm* is largely retrospective; *The Lady from the Sea* is based upon a whole antecedent romance which has to be expounded piecemeal in the course of the action. Ibsen's dramas, in short, no less than Dumas's or Sardou's, are complex structures in which life is very skilfully and elaborately manipulated with a view to the attainment of certain theatrical effects (commonly called situations) and the enforcement of certain ethical or sociological principles. He is not content to reproduce a life episode simply because he believes it to be true; it must also be dramatically striking and morally significant. I am far from condemning this theory of art. It has led to great and noble achievements, and it may still be greatly and nobly exercised. I merely suggest that recent developments in France and elsewhere—such plays as *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, and the Dutch piece cited above—taken in conjunction with the tendencies of narrative fiction, seem to foreshadow a movement towards greater simplicity and directness in the reproduction of life upon the stage. We are only awaiting the dramatist who

shall have sufficient insight and originality to prove that the absolutely normal can be just as effective upon the stage as the sensationally abnormal. And, meanwhile, our ears are becoming acutely, perhaps morbidly, sensitive to the grating of the mechanism by which the sensationally abnormal effects are brought about.

The man who shall silence this machinery, and reconcile the public to its quiescence, will rank with Marlowe, with Molière, with Scribe, with the two Dumas', among the pathfinders of the drama. The task is no slight one. Most of us know how, at the end of a long voyage, we miss the throb of the engines, which at first we execrated. The rhythm seems to have gone out of our lives. Similarly, a drama of scenes instead of acts, a drama without intrigue, without coincidences, without picture-poster situations, with no catastrophe, with no solution, with no villain, and perhaps with only a poor apology for a hero and heroine—such a drama will at first seem formless, purposeless, flaccid. We shall miss the outward, mould-struck design, and shall have no eyes at first for inward coherence and unity of idea. A new generation of actors, too, will be needed to seize and interpret the new subtleties of character-study. As Mr. Dorriforth justly observes, "You can't portray a character unless, in some degree, you spin things fine." One or two actors of to-day know how to spin things (in a sense) much finer than any living dramatist; but coarse or medium is the general rule. On the whole, I fear the drama of the future, the drama which shall correspond with recent developments of fiction, is not exactly waiting on the threshold. Perhaps the man is not born who shall open the door to it. But there is no harm in trying. Mr. Dorriforth might hint as much to his friend, Mr. Henry James. There are scenes in *A London Life* that contain the essence of drama.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

I.

PASCAL expressed himself admirably when he said:—"Cold is a good incentive to heat." So is anarchy equally good in infusing new life into the sluggish veins of a waning Government. For several weeks past we should not have witnessed so rapid and so astonishing a revival of the spirit of Government had we not fallen into the very depths of anarchy. Certainly we had Ministers and Under-Secretaries of State under M. Floquet and M. Goblet; those Ministers even carried red morocco portfolios under their arms; but the political machine moved simply in virtue of its own momentum. A few hours more and it would have stopped short. Now, we not only have a Ministry which is a Government, a guiding power, and which does not shirk responsibility, but almost all the members of the Republican party are at last opening their eyes to fundamental truths hitherto ignored by them; truths which, indeed, they felt in honour bound to ignore. This long and systematic disregard of simple facts was one of the chief causes of the Boulangist crisis.

It was Proudhon, I think, a zealous and passionate Democrat if ever there was one, who once proposed to write a book on "Democratic Blunders" (*les Bêtises Démocratiques*). The aristocracy is prone to certain weaknesses; the middle classes are not without their failings. Why, then, should the Democracy be the only infallible party? Why should it not have its own special store of blunders? No aristocracy in the world would

have committed the supreme folly of allowing its enemies to insult and degrade the ruling authority. It was left to the French Democracy to deliver up the Republic to the mercy of the monarchical factions; to permit that same Republic—the consolidation of which has, during more than a century, cost so many tears, and so many lives—to be outraged and calumniated! To pull down with their own hands the citadel which they had captured from the most implacable and perfidious enemies, was an act of foolishness such as the victorious *Bourgeoisie* were never guilty of. The Republican Democracy amused themselves with unaccountable levity in pulling down the bastions and redoubts of the fortress upon the heights of which they had at last succeeded in hoisting their flag. A little more, and they would have gone to battle stark naked, merely with shepherds' crooks in their hands, to fight against adversaries in armour, supplied with Lebel guns. This final step, which indeed would really have been the last, was fortunately not taken, and the Republican party stopped just in time. Not six months ago anarchy ruled everywhere—Parliamentary and Administrative anarchy, of which contemporaneous history affords no parallel. The President of the Council obeyed in everything M. Clémenceau. M. Clémenceau went for inspiration to the Municipal Council of Paris. The Councillors received their orders from the neighbouring club, where Revolutionary and Socialistic Committees actually took from M. Boulanger that absurd formula of Revision which he himself borrowed from outlawed Pretenders. Is it necessary to call to mind what became of the public functionaries under such a *régime?* Except a dozen or so upright men, who were dragged morning and evening through the mud of the lowest organs of the Press—these supposed servants of the Republic passed their days in plotting ——— or sleeping. Prefects utterly disregarded Ministerial circulars. Mayors cheated with impunity in manipulating the ballot-boxes, defamed with impunity all official representation, and hired with impunity whole bands of

released convicts to cause trouble to refractory Prefects. Post-office clerks wrote and published articles against their superiors. Telegraph clerks organised strikes. Under the Empire the Republicans asked for "Liberty as in Austria"; we were obliged to beg for Order just as at King Pétaud's Court. We should have been in a fine plight had there been a general election under such unfavourable circumstances. The elections of October 4th, 1885,* would indeed have seemed to us triumphant in comparison.

Such was the state of affairs when Paris acclaimed M. Boulanger. The City of Light was plunged in darkness. There was an eclipse. But light returned. The moderate party began to be ashamed of their tolerance, which was fast making accomplices of them; and the Radicals, abandoned by the majority of their voters, began to see the abyss yawning before them. If the Republican party had had a little common-sense, a little forethought, it would have understood long since that the loosening of all the ties of Government and of the Administration; the continual pressure of Ministerial crises; the free range given to insult and calumny; the confusion of the Executive and Legislative powers; the repeated threats of ruinous measures against those who possessed a farthing of income or an acre of land—they would, I say, at last have felt that all these things could logically lead to nothing else than national disaster. I do not wish to recriminate. I only wish to recall how Gambetta and those of his friends who predicted this result were treated. But it was necessary for the Republican Democracy to feel the shame of the Paris election. It was necessary that Catiline himself in flesh and blood should appear before the gates of the capital. At last, however, they have opened their eyes, and the Republican party is itself again! The Intransigeant Press had been the first to give the signal for defamation and insult, but it cried out for repression as loudly

* When the Royalists won so many voters over to their ranks.

as we did. Whilst the magistrates still hesitated, it was the juries, those judges of the people, who punished. Ministerial instructions, the object of which was to establish order in all branches of the Administration, were not only approved by the Opportunists, but were ratified by the Radicals themselves. Yet not two years ago the least resistance on the part of either M. Rouvier or M. Ferry made them frantic. The Senate, too, the creation of which they so bitterly reproached Gambetta for, as an act little short of high treason, what member of the Republican party would think of touching it now? The Ministry over which M. Tirard presides is not afraid of taking the initiative; it does not shirk responsibility; it is active and courageous. Yet the Republican party, which this same Ministry no later than last year tried in vain to win over, now urges on the Government to further action, and is continually complaining that it is not vigorous enough.

II.

Will the elections finally give the Republic that solid, compact and disciplined majority which it has been vainly asking universal suffrage for during more than twelve years? The whole political problem is there and nowhere else. However true it may be that the situation is still a difficult one, and that the country, notwithstanding the trial by the High Court of Justice, will continue to suffer from the Boulangist and reactionary agitation, it is none the less true that circumstances have never been more favourable to us if we only know how to profit by them. In the first place, we have had experience enough to prove to the most Utopian, and the most obstinate, that our domestic quarrels only strengthen the reactionary parties. Republicans of every shade must now know that the democratic shams of the demagogues can logically lead but to one lamentable result—the most abject Cæsarism. Encyclopædic programmes look very fine upon paper, but the man who gives the widest range to his imagination will always find someone with

a still wider range. He will always find someone more absurd than himself. This heaping up of programmes can have no other result than that of giving to the bungling friends of the Republic, as well as to its worst enemies, the same policy, that of agitation and confusion. In the second place, there is the unhoped for success of the Paris Exhibition. If the Royalist and Bonapartist leaders had possessed a grain of patriotism, or even of good sense, they would have joined from the first in that magnificent enterprise. The Exhibition might have been their work as well as ours. But from the very first they threw the whole responsibility of it upon the Government and the Republicans. They rejoiced with shameful impudence when foreign Powers refused to have anything to do with it. For six months they asserted in all their newspapers that the Exhibition would not take place. They were indecent enough to applaud when monarchical ambassadors turned their backs upon the Republican Government. All day long before the *Fête* of Versailles they stood, as if spell-bound, watching the barometer, hoping for a fall of the mercury, praying that the deluge might come and sweep away the clowns and buffoons—it is thus that M. Paul de Cassagnac designates the President and his Ministers. It is entirely the fault of the Reactionaries if the Exhibition is essentially of a Republican character. If it had been a failure the Republic would have incurred all the blame, and it is no more than right that the Republic should claim all the success.

Finally, on the morrow of the Boulangist crisis, and after the severe lesson which universal suffrage taught the Chamber in 1885, it was evident that personal strife had lost much of its acuteness, and that there was less of that lack of harmony which has done so much harm to the Republic for so many years. As for me, I can speak freely on this subject, having always stuck to the lessons of the great patriot who said at Cahors: "Never cry out, 'Hurrah for Gambetta,' say, 'Hurrah for the Republic!'" This teaching I have laid to heart. I

know very well what "Republican" means; but "Ferryist," "Floquetist," or even "Clementist," are words that have no meaning for me. But in the elections of 1885, newspaper warfare had become so personal that principles were lost sight of, names counted for everything. Are we still like this? Certainly not. Public peril has made private animosity disappear. Doubtless, M. Clémenceau, in the *Justice*, still fights against M. Ferry, and the *Estafette* replies to the *Justice;* but unbrotherly hatred has died out. The work of universal suffrage is now very much simplified. I do not speak of the work of the candidates themselves. The experience gained during the First and Second Republics only helped a few. Now we all have our own personal experience, and the Exhibition hoisted the flag of truce for all parties. Personalities are at an end. Would it not be a hopeless case, indeed, if for this the fifth time universal suffrage failed to create an Assembly strong enough, wise enough, patriotic enough, to at last give the Republic that firm and solid Government it has been waiting for so long? Complaint is made that the people are not satisfied. Doubtless there has been reason for dissatisfaction. But then, who created the Chamber of 1885, the cause of dissatisfaction? "Give me money," says Maître Jacques, "and I will give you a good dinner." May not the Republicans be right in saying, "Give me a good Chamber, and I will give you a good Government"?

JOSEPH REINACH.

THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO.*

WHEN the announcement of Mr. Joseph Thomson's journey to Morocco was made, one's first impulse was to compare his modest choice of new ground with the contented acceptance of Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions, or seats on School Boards, by returned Viceroys and Colonial Governors.

But such comparison would be unfair, since the result of Mr. Thomson's explorations further shows that the isolation and importance of a country do not always depend upon its distance from centres of civilisation. Morocco is separated from Europe only by the Straits of Gibraltar, between which and Tangier there is daily communication, except in very rough weather, yet it is in many respects as wholly unknown to us as some parts of Central Africa. Much that was only guessed at is brought before us in painful vividness throughout Mr. Thomson's sprightly-written and instructive narrative.

Two motives prompted him to undertake the journey. First, the markedly wholesome and elevating influence of Islam on the Soudanese races, which he noticed during his explorations in Central Africa, made him desirous to see Morocco itself, if perchance he might learn at headquarters the secret of the marvellous power of the Mahomedan faith over the African negro. Second, the wish to explore the Atlas mountains, and

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* *Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco.* By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. (London: Philip and Son, 1889.)

especially the valleys beyond, which have for centuries resisted the incursions of travellers.

As to the first object, Mr. Thomson was speedily disillusioned. While in the Soudan he had found Islam instilling new life and vigour into barbarous races; in Morocco it was a barrier to all advancement, a blight upon the whole people, save, perhaps, among the hardier and simpler natured mountain folk. Side by side with rigid attention to religious duties and exclusion of all scepticism, there is practice of the foulest and most odious vices. A Moor will not hesitate to stop in the middle of his prayers to curse or utter obscene words, should any bystander have angered him, while he will pause in the midst of some vile orgy to attend the summons of the mueddin, returning the next minute "like the dog to his vomit, and as the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire." Religious fanaticism has placed an impassable gulf between Moor and Nazarene. Even in Tangier the native element remains as isolated as the Moorish passengers on board the little steamer that plies across the Straits, unmodified both in outward garb and in habits of thought.

As to the second object, Mr. Thomson's success, although not up to hopes which experiences elsewhere justified, was not small when the difficulties of the journey are realised. For the Sultan's permit, which was obtained by the aid of Sir William Kirby Green, our able Minister at Tangier, gave no protection in the parts which Mr. Thomson was most anxious to visit. In fact, it expressly interdicted him from making any such attempt, inasmuch as the Sultan's writ does not run among the mountain tribes, or, to speak in appropriate native metaphor, the "Sharifian Umbrella" affords no shelter. The tribes have good reason for dreading and opposing the visits of strangers, since they are held responsible for any losses which travellers may sustain, and the central authority is glad of any excuse to squeeze all that it can, as well as to foster division amongst subjects who are in chronic rebellion.

Mr. Thomson and his young companion, Lieutenant Crichton-Browne, who had the good fortune to be allowed to accompany him, arrived at Tangier in the middle of March, 1888, and re-entered Casablanca in the middle of the following October. There an abrupt end to further exploration was put by the arrival of a telegram from home asking Mr. Thomson to head an expedition whose ultimate object was the relief of Emin Pasha. But, unluckily, while the one journey was broken off in the middle, the other was never begun. German bureaucracy and bluster set everything by the ears on the East African seaboard, and Emin Pasha remains unrelieved in the only way in which he needs relief: that is, by the opening of a permanent channel of trade between the Equatorial Province and the coast. For Stanley's letters conclusively show that his attempt to reach Emin by the Congo route is a dead failure, costly in men and money, and that the approach from the East advocated all along by Mr. Thomson is the only possible road; moreover, the shortest and most economical.

Tangier, once an English possession, part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza on her marriage with Charles II., lies on the western and loftier side of a snug and sheltered bay. Its whitewashed, flat-roofed houses give the effect of terraces carved out of limestone rock. Their parallel lines are broken only by minarets and domes of mosques, and by the Kasbah or citadel which overawes the zigzag walled town. Consular flagstaffs and hotel signboards evidence that "dogs of Christians" have gained a footing and flourish, despite the muttered curses on them which fill the air; but one has only, after surviving the perils of the deep from water-sharks and of the ricketty landing-jetty from land-sharks, to pass through the water-gate and wander about the unpaved, filth-encumbered streets, with their sleepy cross-legged traders in the cupboard-like shops, their crowded roadways, their repellent sights, every turn in which is, however, an artist's delight and despair, to find oneself in an altogether strange land, albeit within sound of gunfire at "Gib."

Outside the walls is the *sok*, or market-place, where the traders, a shouting, seething crowd of Moors and mountain Berbers, Arabs and Jews, spread their wares on the ground, while here and there a ring of spectators is formed to watch the antics of the snake-charmer, or to hear the storyteller, whose tales evoke fresh laughter from an audience to whom they have been recounted times without number. In connection with these national amusements, Mr. Thomson gives a vivid account of the performances of an Aissawa or follower of Sidi Aissa, one of the chief saints of the Mahomedan calendar, "in whose name the true believer is enabled to resist the poison of snakes, to eat glass, and to do a number of horrible things with perfect security and enjoyment." Anasera or Christian silver had bribed this disciple of the holy man to consent to perform before a Nazarene, and after working himself into a state of frenzy by chants and gyrations, he dragged two snakes from his basket, letting the reptiles entwine and bite his naked arms. Then, returning one serpent to the basket, he took the other, bit off its head, which he chewed and swallowed; then bit off several inches from its body, tearing the flesh with wolfish ferocity, and finally throwing himself on the ground, jumped about like a wild beast, gnashing with his teeth and tearing up mouthfuls of grass. In the course of time, after devouring more of the snake, and rolling about in more paroxysms, the exhausted servant of the holy Sidi Aissa calmed down, and soothed his unstrung nerves by smoking the narcotising kief. An hour after, as the party sat round the camp-fire, the Aissawa "drew forth a piece of charcoal, held it between the tips of his fingers while he blew it to a white heat, then, with a preliminary 'Bismillah,' he calmly put it into his mouth, and leisurely munched, then swallowed it, with evident signs of enjoyment, while the Moor broke into cries of 'Allah Akbar' (God is Great)." Apparently he had eaten his dinner first, and was cooking it afterwards! He helped himself to the charcoal several times, till he felt sure that the snake was thoroughly done. Perhaps this was a survival of the savage

mode of cooking by dropping heated stones into the pot, in this case, the stomach!

Tangier is a hotbed of intrigue to secure the reversion to a moribund estate. For there is a Question at this end of the Mediterranean only less pregnant with momentous results than that interminable Eastern Question at the other end. Rumours, again and again revived, of a dead or dying Sultan, or of fresh revolts against the chronic oppression and extortion which, in this rotten Empire of Morocco, are synonyms for "government," bring to the front the problem of the future of a country, the chief rival claimants to which are France and Spain. It is admitted on all sides that when Mulai Hassan dies there will be a general rising of the tribes, each fighting for its particular claimant to a throne which does not necessarily pass from father to son. Advantage would be taken of this state of chaos by one or other of the Powers to intervene, ostensibly for the safety of its subjects, and thus to secure a more or less permanent footing. The complications thus resulting would be increased by the fact that under the *protégé* system the subjects are not restricted to the nationality of the several Powers.

Mr. Thomson declares the Jews, of whom there are estimated to be 300,000 enjoying the immunities of protection, to be the curse of the country. He does not mince his words, nor leave his accusation unsupported in the chapter which he devotes to the subject of Jewish greed and Jewish filth. At first blush, relying on the statements of previous travellers, whose inquiries were of the most superficial kind, he was moved to sympathy for an outcast race, whose limitations to certain quarters, or Mellahs, aggravated uncleanliness, and made their houses festering fever-traps, and the courtyards common sewers. But fuller inquiry dispelled the fiction of a suffering and down-trodden people, albeit bearing the inevitable traces of past oppression, now reduced to paltry restrictions, such as the wearing of a black fez and slippers. As compared with the unprotected Moor, they are "in clover," exempt from conscription, from

levies for support of Kaid or Sultan, largely governed by their own laws, and free from the brutal torture and privation of Moorish prisons, in which the unhappy wretches who are not aided by friends die of starvation. "As money-lenders, the Jews are as maggots and parasites, aggravating and feeding on the diseases of the land. I do not know for my part," remarks Mr. Thomson, "which exercises the greatest tyranny or oppression, the Sultan or the Jew, the one the embodiment of the foulest misgovernment, the other the essence of a dozen Shylocks. By his outrageous exactions the Sultan drives the Moor into the hands of the Jew, who affords him a temporary relief by lending him the necessary money on incredibly exorbitant terms. Once in the moneylenders' clutches he rarely escapes till he is squeezed dry, when he is either thrown aside, crushed, and ruined, or cast into a dungeon, where, fettered and starved, he is probably left to die a slow and horrible death." The sole advantage from the presence of the Jew is that his keen, mercantile spirit makes him a useful medium of commercial intercourse, keeping open the country in some measure to foreign trade.

After three weeks' dalliance in Tangier until the Sultan's letter arrived, Mr. Thomson and his friend reciprocating the courtesy of their hosts at a Jewish wedding by dancing a Highland reel, they left by steamer for Mogador. But, sharing the feeling of Moschus, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and other less distinguished ancients and moderns, respecting cooling affection for the land only when the sea is quite smooth, the travellers disembarked at Casablanca, and rode under escort along the coast by Saffi to Mogador, the cleanest, because the most modern, town in Morocco, whence the first sight of an Atlas snow-peak was obtained. The journey was through a treeless monotonous country, varied here and there by cultivated patches, by the whitewashed cupola *Kubas*, or tombs of saints, and, in the springtime, a glory of colour in the profusion of flowers which cover the plains, yielding striking combinations which Mr. Thomson suggests are the sources whence the Moorish artist in

wool derives the ideas expressed in his wonderful *zerubias* or carpets.

After a brief stay in Mogador, visiting the Mellah, a loathsome cesspool, where dung-flies breed and batten; seeing a procession in honour of Sidi Hamadaha, twin-saint with Sidi Aissa, at peril of dagger-thrust from fanatical sectaries; taking part in a boar-hunt, where a baby porker was the only quarry; engaging servants and buying beasts of burden; the real business of the journey began with visions of romantic rides through enchanting scenery, and of undisturbed nights in tents beneath balmy skies, since the glamour of shelter in a caravansary had been already dispelled by experience of its mingled filth and vermin. That the virtues of the hired men, who were certified as angels in human shape, might have preliminary testing, Mr. Thomson shrewdly decided to return to Saffi by an inland route. His plan was justified, for the men turned out to be lazy, impudent rascals, and the camels, warranted perfect, proved to be frauds. Replacing some of the men at Saffi, the final start for the interior was made on May 19th, over rising ground, culminating in the plateau of Southern Morocco, a treeless, uninteresting land, tilled by a downtrodden peasantry, from whom the life-blood is squeezed by the scoundrels who, from Sheik to Sultan, live one upon the other, and all upon the people. The richer the district, the scantier is the population, since all inducements to getting the most out of the soil, and all incentive to thrift, are removed by the certainty that in any show of wealth lies the surest way to prison. If a man is lucky or artful enough to keep his money from the clutch of Sheik or Kaid, he buries it. If he prove himself a skilled workman he is forthwith impressed into the service of the Sultan or the Governor, not to be honoured and rewarded, but to work for a bare pittance. His only way of escape is to botch or scamp his work and then to get either flogged or dismissed. Such is life in a country whose nearest port is only five-and-thirty miles from "Gib."

Three days brought the little caravan within sight of the plain on which the city of Maraksh or Morocco stands, showing, long before its walls are neared, the one striking monument in Southern Morocco, the tower or minaret of the Kutubia, uplifted in dignity even more imposing than the famous Giralda at Seville, which is reputed to be the work of the same architect. Then, passing through gardens rich with date palms, olive and orange trees, the party entered the city, finding the Sultan's letter an "open sesame" to good quarters. The salutations of the Kaid's chamberlain were speedily followed by a substantial *mona* or supply, given—of course, at the unhappy peasants' expense—to travellers bearing the coveted document. The quantity of food provided is regulated by the dignity of the Kaid, and not by the needs of the guest. As instancing this, when the Kaid of Teluet—after some show of opposition to Mr. Thomson's plans to get to Ginfady, in the heart of the Atlas, keeping him for some time in his magnificent kasbah as a sort of "first-class misdemeanant"—at last gave way and soothed him with a farewell dinner, he produced the following *menu*:—Four roast fowls swimming in melted butter; three other courses of fowls all differently cooked; stewed beef and mutton floating in butter or oil; half a baked sheep; a pillau of rice and fowls; the great national dish *kuskussu*, of which little balls are made by the hand and shot into the mouth by the thumb. The Kaid's messenger relieved (?) the difficulty of Mr. Thomson and Lieutenant Crichton-Browne, who were 'prentice hands at this art, by considerately making the balls with his own greasy fingers and firing them into their mouths! Tea, cake and fruit followed as "top-dressing"; then the guests' clothes and persons were drenched with rose-water, and finally perfumed with the smoke of aloes wood, benzoin, and ambergris.

Of Maraksh itself no inviting picture is given, but the life there is fully described, both travellers making best use of chances which, at some peril, were secured, of visiting the

women's quarters in a Moorish house, and of enjoying the luxury of the hammum, the approach to which lay through a mouldy and offensive passage. However, they had their bath, and, to everybody's enjoyment, so had Assor, their Jewish guide—his first, and probably his last!

Familiarity with the lovely relics of Moorish art in Southern Spain makes one eager to learn if any traces of a parent art exist in Maraksh or the other chief towns of Morocco. Whatever evidences of this the mosques may supply is unknown, since no Christian dare set foot in them; but, apart from this uncertain source, there is no other visible witness; nothing in palace or kasbah or fountain, save in some carved and painted stalactite-like roof, or in stucco-work with its infinite curves and spirals, its graceful flowing Arabic characters embodying texts from the Koran, which in any way corresponds with the delicate beauty of the Alhambra and the Alcazar. And so it remains a problem, replete with interest, to what extent the efflorescence of Arabesque decoration was aided by local conditions. The discouragement of all skilled labour has been referred to, and as further evidence of the absence of that public spirit which expresses itself in works, whether of beauty or utility, Mr. Thomson remarks that the only modern structure raised for the general good of the community which he saw in South Morocco was a massive dam thrown across the valley of Demnat to divert the stream into a lower series of irrigating channels.

Leaving Morocco, keeping keen eye on the physical features of the surrounding country, but keener eye on the Pisgah which he hoped to climb, and whose highest elevation reaches 15,000ft., Mr. Thomson pushed on to Demnat. There he explained the object of his journey to the inquisitive Kaid by repeating the answer given by Hooker and Ball on a like occasion, namely, that he was charged by the wise men of England to collect certain plants for the Government gardens which only Morocco could supply. To this the Kaid politely

responded that God was great, by which he seems to have implied that "the same he did not understand," and that the travellers were Christian liars.

Among the few remarkable features of the Demnat valley is a magnificent natural arch, the photographs of which were unfortunately destroyed by accidental re-exposure. It is composed of calcareous tufa which has been deposited by the stream that crosses the glen, gradually growing outwards till it has reached the opposite side of the gorge, and formed a bridge which serves as passage for the mountaineers, and as an aqueduct by which the stream flows, falling as a cascade on the west side. But for the action of the Wad Demnat in eroding the limestone beds beneath, the arch would long ago have become a solid wall. It probably corresponds in formation to the famous Natural Bridge in Virginia. Some distance from this object there exists ruins of buildings which are attributed to the early Christians. But this goes for little, since everything which is not otherwise accounted for in Morocco is referred to the like source.

Pushing well into the mountains Tasimset was reached, and both there and at Teluet attempts to penetrate into the Atlas main range were opposed by the Kaids. At Amsmiz the travellers found a large proportion of Jews, who contrast favourably with their brethren in the big towns. Here an interesting group of child-wives was photographed. It is the custom to betroth girls when of tender years to men of mature age, as a protection until they are fully developed; "mothers at ten are not, however, unheard of, and are not rare at thirteen or fifteen." After further attempt to cross the Atlas, Mr. Thomson returned to Amsmiz, and leaving his friend there, who was invalided from a scorpion bite, threw the Kaid off the scent, and, accompanied by two of his men and an unwilling soldier, who, however, dared not leave him, started on the risky and arduous task of climbing the snow-covered Jebel Ogdimt. The description of the view from the lower slopes of this mountain is charming,

and is an illustration of the uniformly excellent style in which the book is written throughout.

Despite all kinds of hindrances, the ascent was made, and from the altitude of 12,700ft.—2,000ft. higher in the Atlas than any previous explorer had reached—there was obtained a superb view of the entire range, and of the almost unknown Sus Valley, through which the Wad Sus winds seawards, fed by numerous streams.

On July 13th, the City of Morocco was re-entered, and there, while witnessing the national "Lab-el-Barud," or "powder-play," which followed the impressive ceremonies connected with the pilgrimage to Mecca, Mr. Thomson, Lieutenant Crichton-Browne, and their interpreter, a Gibraltarian named Bonich, were attacked by a fanatical mob, and would have been stoned to death but for timely retreat to a café, the door of which was fortunately open Bonich, whose blood was up at the insults of a negro, struck the man in the face, and was in return stunned by a blow from his club. Mr. Thomson rushed to the rescue and belaboured the negro with his hunting-crop. He says that

"It was too much, however, for a Moorish crowd of fanatics to see one of their number thrashed by an infidel. With fierce yells they rushed at me. I turned to look up. A club was descending on my head. I dodged, and received the blow on my left shoulder, paralysing the arm, but saving my life. Letting out the huge lash attached to my hunting-crop, and throwing all the fury and strength at my command into one fell stroke, I swept it round the faces of the closing crowd. Taken by surprise, those in front fell back with skinned faces, howls of pain mingling with their curses. With another sweep, I once more struck out with all the concentrated force of one who fights for dear life. So vicious was the blow, that the lash, though thicker than my finger, broke off at the fastening."

Although hundreds of stones came hurtling through the air, bruising him black and blue over legs and body, not one hit Mr. Thomson in the skull, and, under slow retreat, still brandishing his hunting-crop, he escaped to the café. The affair evoked a protest from the British Minister, which led to the repri-

mand of the Kaid and to the imprisonment of the chief offenders.

Leaving Morocco for the South, the travellers pushed on to Asni at the mouth of a glen which penetrates the heart of the Atlas, where Mr. Thomson had the good fortune to find a guide who had led Sir Joseph Hooker up the valley sixteen years before. With his help, the summit of the Tizi-Likumpt, 13,150ft., was reached, and, after this second beating of the record, the party made their way warily through disturbed and hostile country to the coast.

To the route-maps, which make clearer a somewhat sinuous journey, Mr. Thomson adds a geological map of South-Western Morocco. And, although he reserves a fuller account of the physical features, and of the fauna and flora of the country traversed, for publication through more appropriate channels, he has not neglected to interfuse into his popular narrative a good deal of information upon these matters.

The results of his rapid journey are not to be compared with those secured in his memorable explorations in Central Africa, the intrepidity of which is only exceeded by the humaneness which was a notable element in all his dealings with both his dependents and inferior races. But he has made valuable and novel additions to our knowledge of an empire to the destinies of which Great Britain cannot be an indifferent spectator.

EDWARD CLODD.

WRESTLING IN JAPAN.

"Wrestling is to the Japanese what the ring is to us, and something especially national. Every prince has a whole troop of wrestlers, and their pride is to have the biggest, heaviest, and fattest; so that they generally look as bloated, overfed, and disgusting as prize oxen for the butcher at Christmas. I am at a loss to understand how such masses of flesh and fat can put on any great strength. They grapple very fiercely, but seldom seem to throw each other."—SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK (1863).

AMONG the most fair and fanciful of cities is Kioto, the ancient seat of the Empire and capital of Japan. For a thousand years it was the cage whose gilded bars immured the unseen but sacred person of the Mikado. Within the blind walls of the palace-enclosure the Royal *fainéant* dawdled away a linnet-like existence. Outside, the bulk of his people torpidly acquiesced in the rule, however fallible, of a son of the gods. Under the guise of an Imperial theocracy Japan was in reality a playground for the military adventurer, and Kioto the focus of Court intrigue. A heavy curtain of mystery, the joint weaving of the palace and the priesthood, enshrouded the sacred pile, and hermetically concealed it from alien eyes. It is only within the last two decades that the folds have been torn asunder, and that Kioto has become accessible to foreigners The Mikado and his Court have moved to Tokio; the Castle is dismantled; the temple doors are thrown open, and the traveller, under the ample protection of a passport, ransacks shrines and secret places and sanctuaries with inquisitive impunity.

The town is exquisitely situated in a cup between mountain ranges, quaintly outlined, and clothed with an astonishing wealth of trees. From the eastern range, where the visitor is probably

lodged, he will get a wonderful outlook, both at sunrise and at nightfall. In the early dawn the entire city is drowned in a sea of white vapour, from which only the huge hooded roofs of the temples emerge, black and solemn, like the inverted hulls of gigantic ships. Suddenly, across the mist booms the sonorous stroke of some vast temple-bell, and rolls away in melancholy vibrations. At night the dusky mass of houses, stretching for miles, twinkles with the light of a thousand lanterns, that glimmer from the lintels and dance along the streets. A swarm of fireflies would seem to be flitting in the aisles of some dim and sombre forest, from whose recesses float upwards the indescribable hum of congregated humanity, street cries, and laughter, the sound of voices, and the tinkling of guitars.

At festival time, and when the *matsuris*, or religious holidays, are celebrated, Kioto is especially worthy of a visit. The whole town turns out merry-making ; the temple precincts are blocked from morn till night by gaily-dressed crowds ; the tea-houses overflow with customers ; the singing girls extract rich harvest ; and copper pieces rain into the tills of itinerant purveyors of entertainment and theatrical shows. One street in particular is ablaze with a succession of gaudily-decorated booths, containing acrobats, jugglers, story-tellers, peep-shows, pantomimes, and plays. These are crowded from daybreak to sunset, and a forest of clogs and sandals, suspended on the outer wall, testifies to the thronged condition of the pit within. In the dried-up bed of the river which intersects the town, and which at different periods presents the opposite appearance of a gutter and a torrent, will probably be erected a gigantic booth, surrounded with gaudy bannerets flying from lofty poles. A stream of passengers pouring into the entrance shows that some exhibition of interest and popularity is being enacted within. It was in the wake of such a crowd, and on such an occasion, that, at Kioto, I first made acquaintance with the *palæstra* of Japan.

We do not require the authority of the *bas-reliefs* of Thebes and Nineveh, or even of the 32nd chapter of Genesis, to learn

that wrestling must have been one of the earliest methods of conflict in vogue among ancient peoples. The light of nature must have very soon suggested this mode of encounter between human beings. Weapons may not always have been forthcoming. A duel of blows, *i.e.*, a boxing match, would involve the victory of the more practised. Whenever two combatants were engaged in a personal struggle, it would be the spontaneous instinct of the one who was placed at a disadvantage, either of implements or of skill, to close with his adversary, and submit to the practical test of bodily agility or strength. In this way would he be most likely to equalise the handicap of fists, or club, or sword. But here, again, there would be an inequality of conditions in favour of the stronger muscles and more seasoned strength, to redress which the study and science of wrestling would come into being. Hence it is not surprising to find that among the peoples of whose remote history records are preserved, wrestling seems to have been early reduced to a system and practised as an art.

We are perhaps best acquainted with the types of wrestling in use among the ancient Greeks, and with our own countrymen in the extreme north and west of England; familiar to us, in the one case, from the illustrations on vases and sculptures, in the other from the yearly exhibitions of the craft that are given in London. African travellers have also written curious accounts of the art as practised among negro tribes. To all these systems Japanese wrestling offers certain points of resemblance, but to none more closely (though with notable points of divergence) than to the ancient Homeric fashion, as described in the famous contest between Ajax and Ulysses in the 23rd book of the *Iliad*. The early manner of Greek wrestling was as widely distinct from the later, from the trial of skill described by Plutarch as "*τεχνικώτατον καὶ πανουργότατον τῶν ἀθλημάτων*,"* as was a cross-bow from a Martini-Henry rifle; and among the many evidences of primitive habit and ancient date supplied by the Homeric

* Plutarch. *Symposium*, II., 4.

poems, the story of the wrestling match might be quoted as a not insignificant item. The art was manifestly as yet in its infancy; there was an ingenuous laxity of rule; the performance was a rough-and-tumble one at the best; and if Ajax and Ulysses had depended for fame on their feats in the *palæstra*, neither reputation would have long survived. In Japan, a country combining a feverish proficiency in many of the habits of advanced civilisation with uncompromising relics of feudal crystallisation, we observe a similar innocence of science, and adhesion to archaic tradition, in the ways of the wrestling ring.

On the day that I speak of, at Kioto, the contest announced was between the combined representatives of that city and the neighbouring town of Osaka, and the champions of the modern capital, Tokio. The latter, in spite of the double recruiting ground of their adversaries, achieved an easy victory—a result which was received with extreme despondency by the local partisans, but was fortunately unattended by the scenes of violence that occurred on a famous occasion of a very similar character in our own history, when, on Lammas Day, 1223, the wrestlers of London having paid a visit to those of Westminster, and gained a victory at their expense, the bailiff of Westminster and his myrmidons, whose patriotism was incensed at the local discomfiture, picked a quarrel with the triumphant Londoners, and drove them back with slaughter into the precincts of the City. No such savage reprisals followed the collapse of the heroes of Kioto and Osaka on this occasion. Only a reproachful silence overhung the piqued and disgusted crowd.

The scene of action was the booth in the dried-up river-bed, built and roofed with wattled bamboos, between whose interstices the air entered and made a pleasing temperature. The interior accommodated several hundred persons, mainly squatted on the ground, though a small, raised platform, divided into compartments, ran round the wall, for the accommodation of wealthier or more luxurious patrons. Every eye was directed at a raised structure in the centre, rectangular in shape, and about 18ft.

square, constructed of bags of sand, packed one upon the other to a height of about 3ft. above the floor. At the four corners of this parallelogram were tall poles reaching to the roof, with gaudily-coloured bannerets, inscribed with native characters, depending between them at the top. In its centre a circle, about 12ft. in diameter, was marked out by a plaited belt of straw, worked into the soil, and was strewn with smooth yellow sand. This was the arena in which the combatants were about to engage, and out of which one of the two must hurl or thrust or throw his adversary before he could claim the victory.

A third person was also admitted on to the raised artificial platform. This was the umpire, a grotesque, sworded figure, clad in a reproduction of the old court costume of Japan, with projecting skirts, and a stiff excrescence standing out like wings on either side of his back, and flapping as he moved. Carrying in his hand, as an emblem of his office, a species of lacquered fan, which at critical moments he fluttered furiously, he took his stand just outside the magic circle, recited to the audience in a prolonged shriek the names of the combatants, placed them in position, and then went off into an unintelligible gabble of sound, growing louder and louder, and quicker and quicker, till the moment the wrestlers had closed, when his ejaculations culminated in a succession of screams, while he danced about the platform like a maniac, to get a fair view of the contest, to decide the points, and to adjudicate upon fairplay.

And now as to the combatants themselves, the Milos of Tokio and Osaka, the pets of the national *palæstra*. Though for days I had seen their photographs being hawked about the streets, I must confess I was staggered when I set eyes upon the living originals. As their names were called out, from opposite sides there advanced on to the arena a pair of huge and burly figures, veritable Goliaths of Gath, marvels of flesh whatever they might be of muscle, tall in stature, big of girth, and elephantine in proportions—a wholly different type of animal from the average Japanese, who is a squat little fellow, nimble as a monkey,

and less than 5ft. in height. Some of the wrestlers were men of medium height, but the majority were of extravagant size and dimensions, and might have belonged to a distinct species, the peculiar attributes of which were transmitted by a careful manipulation of the stock from one generation to another. They wore their hair in the old Japanese fashion, now rapidly falling into desuetude, with a stiffly-greased topknot brought forward and laid horizontally upon the crown. Their features indicated, as a rule, a very bestial organisation, and wore an expression of insufferable swagger. Their bodies were plentifully embellished with small circular patches of sticking-plaster, concealing artificial burns—a prescription very popular in the Japanese pharmacopœia as a counter-irritant to any pain or malady that may happen to be in existence; or with the cicatrices which similar patches had once covered, and rows of which extended symmetrically down their brawny backs. Like the Homeric wrestlers, they were naked save for a *περίζωμα* or girdle—in this case a broad tasselled belt of dark blue silk, passing between the legs and round the loins, and fitting so tightly to the figure that the antagonist could with difficulty squeeze his fingers in to get a grasp. We know that in the later or classic days of Greek athletes, the *περίζωμα* dropped out of use, and that the wrestlers fought entirely nude, with their bodies greased so as to render them lithe and supple. But this sacrifice of delicacy to fine art was no more to be expected in the *palæstra* of Japan than it was at the funeral games of Patroclus; and the performance, if not scientific, was, at least, not indecent.

The rival competitors having stepped on to the arena, I naturally anticipated that they would soon fall to. Such expectations were based on a most mistaken estimate of the elasticity of the Japanese code, in which preliminaries, if importance be measured by time, transcend at least tenfold the trial of strength itself. These preliminaries may be divided into two parts: self-advertisement on the part of each individual champion, and co-operate fooling by the pair before the real bout begins. Either

wrestler first advances with great solemnity to the edge of the platform, and faces the crowd. Lifting his right leg high in the air, and extending it as far as possible from the body, he brings it down on the ground with a vigorous stamp, at the same time that he also brings down his right hand with a resounding smack upon his right thigh. Then up goes the left leg, and along with it the left hand, and down come both with a thud at a similar angle on the left side; which done, and having strained and tested his sinews by this inconceivably idiotic manœuvre, the wrestler straightens himself up and gazes proudly around at the gaping audience. Then he lounges to a corner of the platform, sips a mouthful of water from a small wooden pail, and squirts it through his lips over his arms and chest and legs. Next, a paper napkin is handed to him by an attendant, with which he carefully wipes his face and body. Finally, from a little wooden box affixed to the corner pole, he takes a pinch of salt between his fingers, and tosses it into the air for luck. These precautions satisfactorily completed, he probably goes through the stretching and stamping performance once again, until at last he is ready to play his part in the combined comedy that then ensues.

Both athletes now take up their positions on opposite sides of the ring, and, squatting down upon their haunches, *vis-à-vis*, stretch out their arms and gently rub together the palms of their hands, which they then open outwards with a gesture of magnificent civility. Having satisfied this formality, which appears to correspond to the hand-shake of two English pugilists, they retire once more to their respective corners and repeat the performance with water, paper napkin, and salt. Some seven or eight minutes must have been consumed in these puerilities, and patience is well-nigh exhausted, when at length they proceed into the middle of the ring, and again squat down like two monstrous baboons, exactly opposite each other, and with their foreheads all but touching. The judge now takes up his position on one side brandishes his fan, and commences the series of diabolical ejaculations before alluded to. While his jabber waxes fiercer and

fiercer, they are seen to rise slightly from the crouching attitude, and to face each other with alert eyes and outstretched arms, ready to grip or to rush in. But not yet is the visitor sure of his money's worth; for even at this advanced juncture one or other of the antagonists will casually loaf out of the ring, stroll back to his corner, and resume the water and salt masquerade—a gratification for which he finds all the readier excuse if, as frequently happens, one of the two parties has seized an unfair advantage in grappling, and the umpire has called "False Start." A similar plea, too, may justify the interpolation of a fresh scene in the comedy, such as the rubbing of a little sand under the armpits, or a seizing of the corner pole with both hands, and straining against it with full strength. When I asked any of my neighbours what they thought of this ridiculous by-play, they grinned and said, "It is Japanese fashion"; with which simple effort of ratiocination their minds appeared to be thoroughly content.

In justice even to the Homeric Greeks, I must own that, as regards this prancing and posturing, the analogy which I have drawn in other respects is of no avail. I do not know what Ajax or Ulysses did before they grappled, other than that they walked into the centre of the ring and laid hold of each other. But, though their subsequent movements were not unlike, that they prefaced these by so childish an exhibition as that which I have described I positively decline to believe. In the case of the later Greeks we know that the very opposite occurred, and that the preliminary postures were as carefully studied for graceful effect and artistic *coup d'œil* as those of a model in a sculptor's studio, and that nudity was considered to be redeemed by the display of physical beauty of which it here admitted.

To return, however, to our Kioto friends, whom once more —after all these struttings and stridings, these rinsings and rubbings, and feints and fiascoes—we observe in the ring. What happens when these doughty though reluctant champions are at last engaged?

Now, wrestling may be described as consisting of three varieties: that in which the object is to defeat the adversary by any means whatever, without much consideration for fair or foul; that which, while enjoying a generous latitude, is yet subjected to certain recognised prohibitions and disqualifications; and that, every phase and move of which is regulated, partly by written laws, partly by unwritten etiquette. Of the last named, the system in vogue in Cumberland and Westmoreland—which is the most scientific in existence—is the best illustration; the Devon and Cornish system is a fair type of the second; while of the first or most primitive we find samples in times and countries as remote as among the Greeks of Homer, in certain parts of Lancashire at the present day, and in the *palæstra* of Japan.

The object of the Japanese wrestler is to eject his opponent from the magic circle, designated by the margin of plaited straw. It does not seem to matter much how he does this, whether by dint of superior weight, or strength, or agility, or by means of pushing, or tugging, or lifting, or throwing. Sometimes the struggle is the work of a few seconds; sometimes it is prolonged for minutes. As a rule, the men seem most averse to grappling; or if by chance they have succeeded in closing, instead of aiming at a firm and fair grip, they will encircle each other's shoulders or body with one hand, while with the other they make frantic efforts to grab hold of the tight waistband of the adversary, in order to secure a more reliable purchase. Thus their energy is consumed in the double effort to wriggle out of reach themselves, and yet to catch hold of their antagonist. Sometimes the more powerful man, like Ajax, will lift his opponent clean off the ground. Sometimes, too, the latter, like Ulysses, will reverse the advantage by the exercise of cunning. Sometimes, like the two Homeric heroes, they sprawl side by side. Occasionally the contest degenerates into a butting and thrusting match, not unlike the ἀνακλινοπάλη which disfigured the Olympian games in ancient Greece. But very rarely is any real danger incurred,

or damage done, and a spectator might attend the Japanese ring for a lifetime and never witness such a scene as is described in the "Lady of the Lake," where Scott demonstrates the prowess of Lord James Douglas in the wrestling match by thus describing the condition of his vanquished opponents :—

> "For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
> Scarce better John of Alloa's fame,
> Whom senseless home his comrades bare."*

The distinguishing feature of the Japanese contest seems to be that nothing is unfair; any movement is permissible; no part of the body is forbidden. One result of this is very much to shorten the struggle. As a rule, it is over in a very few moments, or at most in a few minutes—a ridiculous contrast to the exorbitant time consumed in preliminaries. One of the two combatants is thrust or pitched or rolled or tumbled out of the ring. He picks himself up and retires on the one side; the victor steps down on the other; the audience applaud, and another pair come on.

The performance at Kioto, which, after a repetition of much the same incidents scores of times in succession, became somewhat monotonous, was relieved by two episodes of a more exaggerated, though unconscious, absurdity than anything by which they had been preceded. In an interval between two stages of the competition there advanced on to the platform, one after the other, two prodigiously fat boys. I say boys, though, had I not been told that their ages were only sixteen and seventeen, I should never have guessed that these mountains of flesh, with cheeks like footballs, bellies like hogsheads, and legs like an elephant's, were anything but mature and overfed men. They wore the same scanty costume as the wrestlers, with the addition of a long and gorgeously embroidered satin apron, which depended from below their paunches to the ground. One of the

*"Lady of the Lake," Canto V., xxiii.

pair, I was told, was the son of a distinguished wrestler; and if he might be taken to represent a smaller edition of his parent, he certainly spoke volumes for the probable proportions of the sire. I expected that these two youthful prodigies would at least give some exhibition of agility or brute strength. But not a bit. They were far too tender to wrestle, and were merely intended for parade. Each in turn went through the solemn dumb show before described. They extended and brought down with a stamp their puffy legs; they smacked their hands upon their corpulent thighs; they spread out their clumsy arms and prostrated their rotund paunches; they gazed around with an air of ineffable complacency; and then they strutted off the ring with as much composure as they had marched on.

The other episode was a wrestling match between the grown-up counterparts of these horrible boys; in other words, between two monsters whose appearance suggested that of fattened bulls at a Christmas show. They were clearly the idols of the ring, and were received with immense plaudits. A more unsightly pair I never beheld. One was a stripped Daniel Lambert, and the most astonishing human phenomenon it has ever been my misfortune to witness. Great flaps of superfluous fat hung about his body, and his stomach stood out like an inflated balloon. His rival was scarcely his inferior in size or hideousness. No part of the formula was omitted by these Titans. They raised and planted their unwieldy legs; they spanked their massive thighs; they squatted and drank water, and sprinkled salt, and rubbed their shining skins with the paper napkins. The big man

> "Ostenditque humeros latos alternaque jactat
> Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras."*

Finally, like two hippopotami, they collided. There was a sort of convulsive thrusting and heaving; a quaking and yielding of vast surfaces of flesh; a sound of crumbling and collapse; and

* Virgil. *Æneid.*, V., 376.

then, all in a moment, the fatter of the two fat men, whose science was not on a par with his suet—

> "Hic membris et mole valens, sed tarda trementi
> Genua labant, vastos quatil æger anhelitus artus"*—

rolled off the platform like a beer barrel, and tumbled down with a crash into the crowd.

In the second bout he was bent upon revenge. His tactics were simple but efficacious. When his opponent rushed in to grapple, he stood still like a rock, and the smaller man, crushed by sheer *avoirdupois*, rebounded off him, and subsided in a heap upon the floor. The audience rejoiced in the victory of its favourite, and Obesity was justified of her offspring.

Such, and so grotesque, but withal so popular, is the *palæstra* of Japan. I speak of its popularity; but I must be understood to limit this to the lower orders; for, while with them it is the only national sport, and evokes the same interest as cricket and football do among our own labouring populations, it has, since the break-up of the feudal system in Japan in the present reign, lost its hold upon the titled classes and nobility, hundreds of whom were dispossessed of their property after the revolution, and whose castles, and retinues, and princely maintenance are now a thing of the past. Wrestling in Japan has, in fact, experienced just the same transition in the last twenty years as it did in England at the time of the Renaissance, when, in the growing disrepute and decline of Feudalism, it passed from the mansions of the great to the village green and the fairs and festivals of the proletariat. Prior to the reign of Henry VIII., it had for hundreds of years been one of the recognised sports of the palace and the castle. It figured in the curriculum of exercise taught to knightly youths. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of London attended in state the wrestling matches that were

* Virgil. *Æneid.*, V., 431.

held at Clerkenwell. The Knight of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was so proficient that—

> "Of wrastling was there none his *pere*,
> Where any Ram shudde stonde."*

And it is on record that Henry VIII. himself, who was something much more than an amateur athlete, continued to keep up his practice in wrestling, among other muscular exercises, even after his accession to the throne. But the example of the merry monarch, though dear to the manly tastes of the people, could not avert the reaction which the spread of the New Learning and the decline of chivalry were rapidly bringing about among the upper classes and to some extent even under the later Tudors. Still more when the Puritan movement acquired strength in the country, wrestling, among other out-of-door sports, sank to a lower level of popularity than it had ever previously touched in England. Peacham, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, published in 1622, went so far as to say that throwing the hammer and wrestling were low-class sports, "not so well becoming nobility but rather soldiers in a camp; neither have I read nor heard of any Prince or General commended for wrestling save Spaminondar and Achmat, the last Emperor of Turkey."

With the Restoration a revulsion of feeling in favour of sports and against the selfish eclecticism of the Puritans set in, and Monmouth is said to have earned great popularity by engaging in rustic sports, and even trying an occasional fall at wrestling himself. The general growth of refinement and nicer standards of living, as well as the change in methods of warfare, were, however, unfavourable to any permanent revival, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century wrestling had reverted to that level in the lower strata of society from which it has never since been able to rise. Strype, in his edition of *Stow's Survey of London* (1720), speaks of it as among the diversions of the lower classes;

* A Ram and a ring were the customary prizes at the mediæval English wrestling matches.